

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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## VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

### CHAPTER XX.

JAMES MAXLEY came out of the Bank that morning with nine hundred and four pounds buttoned up tight in the pocket of his leather breeches, a joyful man; and so to his work; and home at one o'clock to dinner.

At 2 P.M. he was thoughtful; uneasy at 3; wretched at 3.30.

He was gardener as well as capitalist; and Mr. Hardie owed him thirty shillings for work.

Such is human nature in general, and Maxley's in particular, that the 900*l.* in pocket seemed small, and the 30*s.* in jeopardy, large.

"I can't afford to go with the creditors," argued Maxley; "dividend on thirty shillings? why, that will be about thirty pence; the change for a hard half-crown."

He stuck his spade in the soil and made for his debtor's house. As he came up the street, Dodd shot out of the Bank radiant, and was about to pass him without notice, full of his wife and children: but Maxley stopped him with a right cordial welcome, and told him he had given them all a fright this time.

"What, is it over the town already, that my ship has been wrecked?" And Dodd looked annoyed.

"Wrecked? No; but you have been due this two months, ye know. Wrecked? Why captain, you haven't ever been wrecked?" And he looked him all over as if he expected to see "WRECKED" branded on him by the elements.

"Ay, James, wrecked on the French coast, and lost my chronometer, and a tip-top sextant. But what of that? I saved *it*. I have just landed *it* in the Bank. Good-by: I must sheer off; I long to be home."

"Stay a bit, captain," said Maxley: "I am not quite easy in my mind; I saw you come out of Hardies; I thought in course you had been in to draa; but you says different. Now what was it you did leave behind you at that there shop, if you please: not money?"

"Not money? Only fourteen thousand pounds. How the man stares! Why, it's not mine, James; it's my children's: there, good-by;" and he was

actually off this time. But Maxley stretched his long limbs, and caught him in two strides, and gripped his shoulder without ceremony: "Be you mad?" said he, sternly.

"No, but I begin to think you are."

"That is to be seen," said Maxley, gravely. "Before I lets you go, you must tell me whether you be jesting, or whether you have really been so simple as to drop fourteen—thousand—pounds at Hardies?" No judge upon the bench, nor bishop in his stall, could be more impressive than this gardener was, when he subdued the vast volume of his voice to a low grave utterance of this sort.

Dodd began to be uneasy: "Why, good Heavens, there is nothing wrong with the old Barkington Bank?"

"Nothing wrong?" roared Maxley: then whispered: "Holt! I was laad once for slander, and cost me thirty pounds: nearly killed my missus it did."

"Man!" cried Dodd, "for my children's sake tell me if you know anything amiss. After all, I'm like a stranger here; more than two years away at a time."

"I'll tell you all I know," whispered Maxley: "'tis the least I can do. What (roaring) do—you—think—I've forgotten you saving my poor boy out o' that scrape, and getting him a good place in Canada, and—why, he'd have been put in prison but for you, and that would ha' broken my heart and his mother's—and—" The stout voice began to quaver.

"Oh, bother all that now," said Dodd, impatiently. "The Bank! you have grounded me on thorns."

"Well, I'll tell ye: but you must promise faithful not to go and say I told ye, or you'll get me laad again: and I likes to laa *them*, not for *they* to laa *me*."

"I promise, I promise."

"Well then, I got a letter to-day from my boy, him as you was so good to, and here 'tis in my breeches-pocket.—Laws! how things do come round surely: why, lookie here now, if so be *you* hadn't been a good friend to *he*, *he* wouldn't be where he is, and if so be *he* warn't where *he* is, *he* couldn't have writ *me* this here, and then where should *you* and *I* be?"

"Belay your jaw and show me this letter," cried David, trembling all over.

"That I wool," said Maxley, diving a hand into his pocket. "Hush! lookee yander now; if there ain't Master Alfred a watching of us two out of his window: and he have got an eye like a hawk, he have. Step in the passage, captain, and I'll show it you."

He drew him aside into the passage, and gave him the letter. Dodd ran his eye over it hastily, uttered a cry like a wounded lion, dropped it, gave a slight stagger, and rushed away.

Maxley picked up his letter and watched Dodd into the Bank again; and reflected on his work. His heart was warmed at having made a return to the good captain.

His head suggested that he was on the road which leads to libel.

But he had picked up at the assizes a smattering of the law of evidence; so he coolly tore the letter in pieces. "There now," said he to himself, "if Hardies do laa me for publishing of this here letter, why they pours their water into a sieve. Ugh!" And with this exclamation he started, and then put his heavy boot on part of the letter, and ground it furtively into the mud; for a light hand had settled on his shoulder, and a keen young face was close to his.

It was Alfred Hardie, who had stolen on him like a cat. "I'm laad," thought Maxley.

"Maxley, old fellow," said Alfred, in a voice as coaxing as a woman's, "are you in a good humour?"

"Well, Master Halfred, sight of you mostly puts me in one, especially after that there strychnine job."

"Then tell me," whispered Alfred, his eyes sparkling, and his face beaming, "who was that you were talking to just now?—was it?—wasn't it?—who was it?"

#### CHAPTER XXI.

WHILE Dodd stood lowering in the doorway, he was nevertheless making a great effort to control his agitation.

At last he said in a stern but low voice, in which, however, a quick ear might detect a tremor of agitation: "I have changed my mind, sir: I want my money back."

At this, though David's face had prepared him, Mr. Hardie's heart sank; but there was no help for it: he said faintly: "Certainly. May I ask?"—and there he stopped; for it was hardly prudent to ask anything.

"No matter," replied Dodd, his agitation rising even at this slight delay: "come! my money! I must and will have it."

Hardie drew himself up majestically. "Captain Dodd, this is a strange way of demanding what nobody here disputes."

"Well, I beg your pardon," said Dodd, a little awed by his dignity and fairness: "but I can't help it."

The quick, supple, Banker, saw the slight ad-

vantage he had gained, and his mind went into a whirl: what should he do? It was death to part with this money and gain nothing by it: sooner tell Dodd of the love affair; and open a treaty on this basis: he clung to this moneylike limpet to its rock; and so intense and rapid were his thoughts and schemes how to retain it a little longer, that David's apologies buzzed in his ear like the drone of a beetle.

The latter went on to say: "You see, sir, it's my children's fortune, my boy Edward's, and my little Julia's: and so many have been trying to get it from me, that my blood boils up in a moment about it now.—My poor head!—You don't seem to understand what I am saying; there then, I am a sailor; I can't go beating and tacking, like you landsmen, with the wind dead astarn; the long and the short is, I don't feel it safe here: don't feel it safe anywhere, except in my wife's lap. So no more words: here's your receipt; give me my money."

"Certainly, Captain Dodd. Call to-morrow morning at the Bank, and it will be paid on demand in the regular way: the Bank opens at ten o'clock."

"No, no; I can't wait. I should be dead of anxiety before then. Why not pay it me here, and now? You took it here."

"We receive deposits till four o'clock; but we do not disburse after three. This is the system of all Banks."

"That is all nonsense: if you are open to receive money, you are open to pay it."

"My dear sir, if you were not entirely ignorant of business, you would be aware that these things are not done in this way: money received is passed to account, and the cashier is the only person who can honour your draft on it: but, stop; if the cashier is in the Bank, we may manage it for you yet: Skinner, run and see whether he has left: and, if not, send him in to me directly." The cashier took his cue, and ran out.

David was silent.

The cashier speedily returned, saying, with a disappointed air: "The cashier has been gone this quarter of an hour."

David maintained an ominous silence.

"That is unfortunate," remarked Hardie. "But, after all, it is only till to-morrow morning: still I regret this circumstance, sir; and I feel that all these precautions we are obliged to take must seem unreasonable to you: but experience dictates this severe routine; and, were we to deviate from it, our friends' money would not be so safe in our hands as it always has been at present."

David eyed him sternly, but let him run on. When he had concluded his flowing periods, David said quietly: "So you can't give me my own, because your cashier has carried it away?"

Hardie smiled: "No, no; but because he has locked it up; and carried away the key."

"It is not in this room, then?"

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive."

"What, not in that safe of yours, there?"

"Certainly not," said Hardie, stoutly.

"Open the safe: the keys are in it."

"Open the safe? What for?"

"To show me It is not in the right hand partition of that safe; there: there." And David pointed at the very place where it was.

The dignified Mr. Hardie felt ready to sink with shame: a kind of shudder passed through him, and he was about to comply, heart-sick: but then wounded pride, and the rage of disappointment, stung him, and he turned in defiance: "You are impertinent, sir: and I shall not reward your curiosity and your insolence by showing you the contents of my safes."

"My money! my money!" cried David, fiercely: "no more words, for I shan't listen to them: I know you now for what you are; a thief. I saw you put It into that safe: a liar is always a thief. You want to steal my children's money: I'll have your life first. My money! ye pirate! or I'll strangle you." And he advanced upon him purple with rage, and shot out his long threatening arm, and brown fingers working in the air. "D'ye know what I did to a French land shark that tried to rob me of It? I throttled him with these fingers till his eyes and his tongue started out of him; he came for my children's money, and I killed him so—so—so—as I'll kill you, you thief! you liar! you scoundrel!"

His face black and convulsed with rage, and his outstretched fingers working convulsively, and hungering for a rogue's throat, made the resolute Hardie quake; he whipped out of the furious man's way, and got to the safe pale and trembling. "Hush! no violence!" he gasped: "I'll give you your money this moment, you ruffian."

While he unlocked the safe with trembling hands, Dodd stood like a man petrified; his arm and fingers stretched out and threatening; and Skinner saw him pull at his necktie furiously, like one choking.

Hardie got the notes and bills all in a hurry, and held them out to Dodd.

In which act, to his consternation, and surprise, and indignation, he received a back-handed blow on the eye that dazzled him for an instant; and there was David with his arms struggling wildly, and his fists clenched, his face purple, and his eyes distorted so that little was seen but the whites; the next moment his teeth gnashed loudly together, and he fell headlong on the floor with a concussion so momentous, that the windows rattled, and the room shook violently; while the dust rose in a cloud.

A loud ejaculation burst from Hardie and Skinner.

And then there was an awful silence.

## CHAPTER XXII.

WHEN David fell senseless on the floor Mr. Hardie was somewhat confused by the back-handed blow from his convulsed and whirling arm. But Skinner ran to him, held up his head, and whipped off his neckcloth.

Then Hardie turned to seize the bell and ring for assistance; but Skinner shook his head and said it was useless; this was no faint: old Betty could not help him:

"It is a bad day's work, sir," said he, trembling: "he is a dead man."

"Dead? Heaven forbid!"

"Apoplexy!" whispered Skinner.

"Run for a doctor then: lose no time: don't let us have his blood on our hands.—Dead?"

And he repeated the word this time in a very different tone; a tone too strange and significant to escape Skinner's quick ear. However, he laid David's head gently down, and rose from his knees to obey.

What did he see now, but Mr. Hardie, with his back turned, putting the notes and bills softly into the safe again out of sight. He saw, comprehended, and took his own course with equal rapidity.

"Come, run!" cried Mr. Hardie; "I'll take care of him; every moment is precious."

("Wants to get rid of me!") thought Skinner. "No, sir," said he, "be ruled by me: let us take him to his friends: he won't live; and we shall get all the blame if we doctor him."

Already egotism had whispered Hardie, "How lucky if he should die!" and now a still guiltier thought flashed through him: he did not try to conquer it; he only trembled at himself for entertaining it.

"At least give him air!" said he, in a quavering voice, consenting in a crime, yet compromising with his conscience, feebly.

He threw the window open with great zeal, with prodigious zeal; for he wanted to deceive himself as well as Skinner. With equal parade he helped carry Dodd to the window; it opened on the ground: this done, the self-deceivers put their heads together, and soon managed matters so that two porters, known to Skinner, were introduced into the garden, and informed that a gentleman had fallen down in a fit, and they were to take him home to his friends, and not talk about it: there might be an inquest, and that was so disagreeable to a gentleman like Mr. Hardie. The men agreed at once, for a sovereign apiece. It was all done in a great hurry and agitation, and, while Skinner accompanied the men to see that they did not blab, Mr. Hardie went into the garden to breathe and think. But he could do neither.

He must have a look at It.

He stole back, opened the safe, and examined the notes and bills.

He fingered them.

They seemed to grow to his finger.

He lusted after them.

He said to himself, "The matter has gone too

far to stop; I *must* go on borrowing this money of the Dodds; and make it the basis of a large fortune: it will be best for all parties in the end."

He put it into his pocket-book; that pocket-book into his breast-pocket; and passed by his private door into the house: and to his dressing-room.

Ten minutes later he left the house with a little black bag in his hand.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

"WHAT will ye give me, and I'll tell ye," said Maxley to Alfred Hardie.

"Five pounds."

"That is too much."

"Five shillings, then."

"That is too little. Look here, your garden owes me thirty shillings for work: suppose you pays me, and that will save me from going to your Dad for it."

Alfred consented readily, and paid the money. Then Maxley told him it was Captain Dodd he had been talking with.

"I thought so! I thought so!" cried Alfred, joyfully, "but I was afraid to believe it: it was too delightful: Maxley, you're a trump: you don't know what anxiety you have relieved me of; some fool has gone and reported the Agra wrecked; look here!" and he showed him his Lloyd's; "luckily, it has only just come; so I haven't been miserable long."

"Well, to be sure, news flies fast now-a-days. He have been wrecked, for that matter." He then surprised Alfred by telling him all he had just learned from Dodd; and was going to let out about the fourteen thousand pounds, when he recollected this was the Banker's son; and while he was talking to him, it suddenly struck Maxley that this young gentleman would come down in the world, should the Bank break: and then the Dodds, he concluded, judging others by himself, would be apt to turn their backs on him. Now he liked Alfred, and was disposed to do him a good turn, when he could without hurting James Maxley. "Mr. Alfred," said he, "I know the world better than you do: you be ruled by me, or you'll rue it: you put on your Sunday coat this minute; and off like a shot to Albion Ville; you'll get there before the captain: he have got a little business to do first; that is neither here nor there: besides, you are young and lissom. You be the first to tell Missus Dodd the good news; and, when the captain comes, there sets you aside Miss Julie: and don't you be shy and shamefaced: take him when his heart is warm, and tell him why you are there: 'I love her, dear,' says you. He be only a sailor, and they never has no sense nor prudence: he is amost sure to take you by the hand, at such a time: and once you get his word, he'll stand good, to his own hurt; he's one of that sort, bless his silly old heart."

A good deal of this was unintelligible to Alfred;

but the advice seemed good; advice generally does when it squares with our own wishes: he thanked Maxley, left him, made a hasty toilet, and ran to Albion Villa.

Sarah opened the door to him; in tears.

The news of the wreck had come to Albion Villa just half an hour ago; and in that half hour they had tasted more misery than hitherto their peaceful lot had brought them in years. Mrs. Dodd was praying and crying in her room; Julia had put on her bonnet, and was descending in deep distress and agitation, to go down to the quay and learn more, if possible.

Alfred saw her on the stairs, and at sight of her pale, agitated face, flew to her.

She held out both hands piteously to him: "Oh, Alfred!"

"Good news!" he panted. "He is alive; Maxley has seen him—I have seen him—He will be here directly—my own love—dry your eyes—calm your fears—He is safe; he is well: hurrah! hurrah!"

The girl's pale face flushed red with hope, then pale again with emotion, then rosy red with transcendent joy: "Oh, bless you! bless you!" she murmured, in her sweet gurgle so full of heart: then took his head passionately with both her hands, as if she was going to kiss him: uttered a little inarticulate cry of love and gratitude over him, then turned and flew up the stairs, crying "Mamma! mamma!" and burst into her mother's room. When two such Impetuosities meet, as Alfred and Julia, expect quick work.

What happened in Mrs. Dodd's room may be imagined: and soon both ladies came hastily out to Alfred, and he found himself in the drawing-room seated between them, and holding a hand of each, and playing the man delightfully, soothing and assuring them; Julia believed him at a word, and beamed with unmixed delight and anticipation of the joyful meeting; Mrs. Dodd cost him more trouble: her soft hand trembled still in his; and she put question upon question. But, when he told her he with his own eyes had seen Captain Dodd talking to Maxley, and gathered from Maxley he had been shipwrecked on the coast of France, and lost his chronometer and his sextant, these details commanded credit; bells were rung: the captain's dressing-room ordered to be got ready; the cook put on her mettle, and Alfred invited to stay and dine with the long-expected one: and the house of mourning became the house of joy.

"And then it was he who brought the good news," whispered Julia to her mother; "and that is so sweet."

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Dodd, "he will make even me love him. The 14,000! I hope that was not lost in the wreck."

"Oh, mamma! who cares? when his own dear, sweet, precious life has been in danger, and is mercifully preserved. Why does he not come? I shall scold him for keeping us waiting: you



know I am not a bit afraid of him, though he is papa: indeed, I am ashamed to say, I govern him with a rod of, no matter what. Do, do, do let us all three put on our bonnets, and run and meet him. I want him so to love somebody the very first day."

Mrs. Dodd said, "Well: wait a few minutes, and then, if he is not here, you two shall go. I dare hardly trust myself to meet my darling husband in the open street."

Julia ran to Alfred: "If he does not come in ten minutes, you and I may go and meet him."

"You are an angel," murmured Alfred.

"You are another," said Julia, haughtily. "Oh dear, I can't sit down: and I don't want flattery, I want papa. A waltz! a waltz! then one can go mad with joy without startling propriety; I can't answer for the consequences if I don't let off a little, little, happiness."

"That I will," said Mrs. Dodd; "for I am as happy as you, and happier." She played a waltz.

Julia's eyes were a challenge: Alfred started up and took her ready hand, and soon the gay young things were whirling round, the happiest pair in England.

But in the middle of the joyous whirl, Julia's quick ear, on the watch all the time, heard the gate swing to: she glided like an eel from Alfred's arm, and ran to the window. Arrived there, she made three swift vertical bounds like a girl with a skipping rope, only her hands were clapping in the air at the same time; then down the stairs, screaming: "His chest! his chest! he is coming, coming, come."

Alfred ran after her.

Mrs. Dodd, unable to race with such antelopes, slipped quietly out into the little balcony.

Julia had seen two men carrying a trestle with a tarpaulin over it, and a third walking beside. Dodd's heavy sea chest had been more than once carried home this way. She met the men at the door, and overpowered them with questions:

"Is it his clothes? then he wasn't so much wrecked after all. Is he with you? is he coming directly? Why don't you tell me?"

The porters at first wore the stolid impassive faces of their tribe: but, when this bright young creature questioned them, brimming over with ardour and joy, their countenances fell, and they hung their heads.

The little sharp-faced man, who was walking beside the other, stepped forward to reply to Julia.

He was interrupted by a terrible scream from the balcony.

Mrs. Dodd was leaning wildly over it, with dilating eyes, and quivering hand that pointed down to the other side of the trestle: "Julia!! Julia!!"

Julia ran round, and stood petrified, her pale lips apart, and all her innocent joy frozen in a moment.

The tarpaulin was scanty there, and a man's hand and part of his arm dangled helpless out.

The hand was blanched: and wore a well known ring.

## RIDING LONDON.

### IN THREE PARTS.

#### PART II. OF CABS, JOBS, AND BLACK JOBS.

THERE is a very large class of Riding London, which, while not sufficiently rich to keep its private carriage, holds omnibus conveyance in contempt and scorn, loathes flies, and pins its vehicular faith on cabs alone. To this class belong lawyers' clerks, of whom, red bag-holding and perspiration-covered, there are always two or three at the Holborn end of Chancery-lane, flinging themselves into Hansoms, and being whirled off to Guildhall or Westminster; to it belong newspaper reporters, with their note-books in their breast-pockets, hurrying up from parliament debates to their offices, there to turn their mystic hieroglyphics into sonorous phrases; to it belong stockbrokers having "time bargains" to transact, editors hunting up "copy" from recalcitrant contributors, artists hurrying to be in time with their pictures ere the sterner exhibition gallery porter closes the door, and, pointing to the clock, says, "It's struck!" young gentlemen going to or coming from Cremorne, and all people who have to catch trains, keep appointments, or do anything by a certain specified time, and who, following the grand governing law of human nature, have, in old ladies' phraseology, "driven everything to the last." To such people a Hansom cab is a primary matter of faith, and certainly when it is provided with a large pair of wheels, a thick round tubby horse (your thin bony rather blood-looking dancing jumping quadruped lately introduced is no good at all for speed) and a clever driver, there is nothing to compare to it. Not the big swinging pretentious remise of Paris or Brussels; not the heavy rumbling bone-dislocating droskies of Berlin or Vienna, with their blue-bloused, accordion-capped drivers; not the droschky of St. Petersburg, with its vermin-swarming Ischvostchik; not the shatteradan calesas of Madrid, with its garlic-reeking conductor! Certainly not the old vaulty hackney-coach; the jiffing dangerous cabriolet, where the driver sat beside you, and shot you into the street at his will and pleasure; the "slice," the entrance to which was from the back; the "tribus," and other wild vehicles which immediately succeeded the extinction of the old cabriolet, which had their trial, and then passed away as failures. There are still about half a dozen hackney-coaches of the "good old" build, though much more modest in the matter of paint and heraldry than they used to be; but these are attached entirely to the metropolitan railway stations, and are only made use of by Paterfamilias with much luggage and many infants on his return from the annual sea-side visit. Cabs, both of the Hansom and Clarence build, are the staple con-

veyance of middle-class Riding London, and of these we now propose to treat.

Although there are, plying in the streets, nearly five thousand cabs, there are only some half-dozen large masters who hold from thirty to fifty vehicles each, the remainder being owned by struggling men, who either thrive and continue, or break and relapse into their old position of drivers, horsekeepers, conductors, or something even more anomalous, according to the season and the state of trade. Our inquiries on this subject were made of one of the principal masters, whose name we knew from constantly seeing it about the streets, but with whom we had not the smallest personal acquaintance. We had previously written to him, announcing our intended visit and its object, but when we arrived at the stables we found their owner evidently perceiving a divided duty, and struggling between natural civility and an enforced reticence. Yes, he knew this journal! he knew the name of its conductor, Lor' bless me! but—and here he stopped, and cleared his throat, and looked, prophetically, afar off, over the stables' roof, and at the pigeons careering over Lamb's Conduit-street. We waited and waited, and at last out it came. Would we be fair and 'boveboard? We would! No hole and corner circumventin? We didn't clearly know what this meant, but we pledged our word then there should be none of it. Well, then—were we a agent of this new cab company as he'd heard was about to be started? Explaining in full detail our errand, we never got more excellent information, more honestly and cheerfully given.

Our friend had on an average thirty-five cabs in use, and all of these were built on his own premises and by his own men. There was very little, if any, difference between the price of building a Hansom or a Clarence cab, the cost of each, when well turned out, averaging fifty guineas. To every cab there are, of necessity, two horses; but a careful cab-master will allow seven horses to three cabs, the extra animal being required in case of overwork or illness, either or both of which are by no means of unfrequent occurrence. These horses are not bought at any particular place, but are picked up as opportunity offers. Aldridge's, and the Repository in Barbican furnish many of them. Many are confirmed "screws," some are well-bred horses with unmistakable symptoms of imminent disease, others with incurable vice—incurable, that is to say, until after a fortnight's experience of a Hansom's shafts, when they generally are reduced to lamb-like quietude. There is no average price, the sums given varying from ten to five-and-twenty pounds; nor can their lasting qualities be reduced to an average, as some knock up and are consigned to the slaughterer after a few weeks, while other old stagers battle with existence for a dozen years. In the season, cabs are generally out on a stretch of fifteen hours, going out between nine or ten A.M., returning to change horses between three and five P.M., starting afresh, and finally returning home between midnight and one A.M. Of course there

are cabs which leave the yard and return at earlier times, and during the height of the Cremorne festivities there are many which do not go out till noon, and very seldom put in an appearance at the stables until broad daylight, about four A.M. These are by no means the worst paid of the cab fraternity, as a visit to Cremorne and a mingling in its pleasures is by no means productive of stinginess to the cabman, but occasionally results in a wish on the part of the fare to ride on the box, to drive the horse, and to proffer cigars and convivial refreshment on every possible occasion. Each cabman on starting carries a horse-bag with him containing three feeds of mixed chaff, which horse-bag is replenished before he leaves for his afternoon trip. The cab-masters, however, impress upon their men the unadvisability of watering their horses at inn-yards or from watermen's pails, as much disease is generated in this manner.

The monetary arrangements between cabmasters and cabmen are peculiar. The master pays his man no wages; on the contrary, the man hires horse and vehicle from his master; and, having to pay him a certain sum, leaves his own earnings to chance, to which amicable arrangement we may ascribe the conciliatory manners and the avoidance of all attempts at extortion which characterise these gentry. For Clarence cabs the masters charge sixteen shillings a day, while Hansoms command from two to three shillings a day extra; and they are well worth it to the men, not merely from their ordinary popularity, but just at the present time, when, as was explained, there is a notion in the minds of most old ladies that every four-wheel cab has just conveyed a patient to the Small-Pox Hospital, the free open airy Hansoms are in great demand. In addition to his lawful fares, the perquisites or "pickings" of the cabman may be large. To him the law of treasure-trove is a dead letter; true, there exists a regulation that all property left in any public vehicle is to be deposited with the registrar at Somerset House; but a very small per-centage finds its way to that governmental establishment. The cabman has, unwittingly, a great reverence for the old feudal system, and claims, over anything which he may seize, the right of free-warren, saccage and soccage, cuisage and jambage, fosse and fork, infang theofe, and outfang theofe; and out of all those porte-monnaies, pocket-books, reticules, ladies' bags, portman-teaus, cigar-cases, deeds, documents, books, sticks, and umbrellas, duly advertised in the second column of the Times, as "left in a cab," very few find their way to Somerset House. We knew of an old gentleman of middle-headed tendencies who left four thousand pounds' worth of Dutch coupons, payable to bearer, in a hack Clarence cab; years have elapsed, and, despite all the energies of the detective police, and the offer of fabulous rewards, those coupons have never been recovered, nor will they be, until the day of settlement arrives, when the adjudication as to who is their rightful owner—with a necessarily strong claim on the part of

their then possessor—will afford a pretty bone of contention for exponents of the law. All that the driver has to find as his equipment, is his whip (occasionally, by some masters, lost nose-bags are placed to his account), and having provided himself with that, and his license, he can go forth.

But there is a very large class of London people to whom the possession of a private carriage of their own is the great ambition of life, a hope long deferred, which, however sick it has made the heart for years, coming at last yields an amount of pleasure worth the waiting for. Nine-tenths of these people job their horses. Those pretty, low-quartered, high-crested Brougham horses, with the championing mouths and the tossing heads, which career up and down the Ladies' Mile; those splendid steppers, all covered with fleck and foam, which the bewigged coachman tools round and round Grosvenor-square while "waiting to take up;" those long, lean-bodied, ill-looking but serviceable horses which pass their day in dragging Dr. Bolus from patient to patient, all are jobbed. It is said that any man of common sense setting up his carriage in London will job his horses. There are four or five great job-masters in town who have the best horses in the metropolis at command, and who are neither dealers nor commission-agents, but with whom jobbing is the sole vocation. And, at a given price, they can, at a few days' notice, provide you with any class of animal you may require. Either in person, or by a trusty agent, they attend all the large horse-fairs in the kingdom; or should they by any chance be unrepresented there, they are speedily waited on by the dealers, who know the exact class of horse which the job-master requires. Horses are bought by them at all ages, from three to seven. Young horses are begun to be broken-in at four years old, and when their tuition is commenced in the autumn, they are generally found ready for letting in the succeeding spring. The breaking-in is one of the most difficult parts of the job-master's business. The young horse is harnessed to a break by the side of an experienced old stager, known as a "break-horse," who does nothing but "break" work, who is of the utmost assistance to the break-driver, and who, when thoroughly competent, is beyond all price. Such a break-horse will put up with all the vagaries of his youthful companion, will combine with the driver to check all tendencies on the part of the neophyte to bolt, shy, back, or plunge, and if his young friend be stubborn, or devote himself to jibbing or standing stock-still, will seize him by the neck with his teeth, and, by a combination of strength and cunning, pull him off and set him in motion.

The prices charged by job-masters vary according to the class of horse required and according to the length of the job. Many country gentlemen bringing their families to London for the season, hire horses for a three or a six months' job, and they have to pay in proportion a much higher rate than those who enter into a yearly

contract. For the very best style of horse, combining beauty, action, and strength, a job-master will charge a hundred guineas a year, exclusive of forage; but the best plan for the man of moderate means, who looks for work from his horses in preference to show, and who has neither time, knowledge, nor inclination to be in a perpetual squabble with grooms and coach-chandlers, is to pay for his horses at a certain price which includes forage and shoeing. Under these conditions, the yearly price for one horse is ninety guineas; for a pair, one hundred and sixty guineas; and for this payment he may be certain of getting sound, serviceable, thoroughly creditable looking animals (which he may himself select from a stud of two or three hundred), which are well fed by the job-master, and shod whenever requisite by the farrier nearest to the hirer's stables, to whom the job-master is responsible, and which, when one falls lame or ill, are replaced in half an hour. Having made this arrangement, the gentleman setting up his carriage has only to provide himself with stables, which, with coach-house, loft, and man's room, cost from twenty pounds to thirty pounds a year, to hire a coachman, costing from one guinea to twenty-five shillings a week, to purchase a carriage-setter (a machine for hoisting the wheels to allow of their being twisted for proper cleaning), and the ordinary pails, brushes, and sponges, and to allow a sum for ordinary expenses, which, according to the extravagance or economy of his coachman, will stand him in from six pounds to twelve pounds a year. If more than two horses are kept, the services of a helper at twelve shillings a week will be required, and it is scarcely necessary to add that if day and night service have to be performed, at the end of three months neither horses nor coachman will fulfil their duties in a satisfactory manner. Indeed, there are several otherwise lucrative jobs which the job-masters find it necessary to terminate at the end of the first year; the acquisition of "their own carriage" proving such a delight to many worthy persons that they are never happy except when exhibiting their glory to their friends, and this is aided by ignorant, unskilful, and cheap drivers taking so much out of their hired cattle as utterly to annihilate any chance of gain on the part of the real proprietor of the animal.

As a provision for sick or overworked horses, each principal job-master has a farm within twenty miles of London, averaging about two hundred acres, where, in grassy paddock or healthy loose-boxes, the debilitated horses regain the health and condition which the constant pelting over London stones has robbed them of. Generally speaking, however, the health of a jobbed horse is wonderful; in the first place, he is never purchased unless perfectly sound, and known by the best competent judges to be thoroughly fitted for the work which he is likely to undergo; then he is fed with liberality (six feeds a day are on the average allowed when in full work); and, lastly, there is generally a certain sense of decency in his hirer which pre-

vents him from being overworked. This fact, however, is very seldom realised until a gentleman, urged by the apparent economy of the proceeding, determines upon buying a Brougham-horse and feeding it himself. On the face of it, this looks like an enormous saving; the horse is to cost—say from sixty to eighty pounds, the cost of keep is fourteen shillings a week, of shoeing four pounds a year; but in nine cases out of ten, owned horses take cold, throw out splints or curbs, pick up nails, begin to “roar,” or in some fashion incapacitate themselves for action during so large a portion of the year that their owner is glad to get rid of them and to return again to the jobbing system.

Although most readily job-masters profess to let saddle-horses on job, yet—for yearly jobs at least—there is seldom a demand for them. A saddle-horse is in general a petted favourite with its owner, who would not regard with complacency the probability of its being sent, on his leaving town, to some ignorant or cruel rider. So that the jobbing in this department is principally confined to the letting of a few horses for park-riding in the London season. For these from eight to ten guineas a month are paid, and the animals provided are in most cases creditable in appearance, and useful enough when the rider is a light-weight, and a good horseman; heavy men, unaccustomed to riding, had better at once purchase a horse, on the advice of some competent person, as hired hacks acquire, under their various riders, certain peculiarities of stumbling, backing, and shying, which render them very untrustworthy. Some job-masters have a riding-school attached to their premises, and whenever an evident “green hand” comes to hire a hack for a term, the job-master, who reads him like a book, asks with an air of great simplicity whether he is accustomed to riding. In nine cases out of ten the answer will be, “Well! scarcely!—long time since—in fact, not ridden since he was a boy,” and then the job-master recommends a few days in the school, which, to quote the words of the card of terms, means “six lessons when convenient, 2*l.* 2*s.*”

Probably the next day the victim will arrive at the school, a large barn-like building, and will find several other victims, old and young, undergoing tuition from the riding-master, a man in boots, with limbs of steel and lungs of brass, who stands in the middle of the school, and thence roars his commands. This functionary, with one glance, takes stock of the new arrival's powers of equitation, and orders a helper to bring in one of the stock-chargers for such riders, a strong old horse knowing all the dodges of the school, and accustomed, so far as his mouth is concerned, to the most remarkable handling. He comes in, perhaps, with a snort and a bound, but stands stock-still to be mounted—a ceremony which the pupil seems to think consists in grasping handfuls of the horse's mane, and flinging himself bodily on to the horse's back. The stern man in boots advances and gives him proper instruction, off starts the

horse and takes his position at the end of a little procession which is riding round the school. Then upon the pupil's devoted head comes a flood of instruction. Calling him by name, the riding-master tells him that “Position is everything, sir! Don't sit your horse like a sack! Body upright, elbows square, clutch the horse with that part of the leg between the knee and the ankle, toes up, sir—this is managed by pressing the heel down—where are you turning them toes to, sir? Keep 'em straight, pray! Tr-r-ot!” At the first sound of the familiar word the old horse starts off in the wake of the others, and the rider is jerked forward, his hat gradually works either over his eyes or on to his coat-collar, his toes go down, his heels go up, he rows with his legs as with oars. When the word “Can-tarr!” is given, he is reduced to clinging with one hand to the pommel, but this resource does not avail him, for at the command “Circle left!” the old horse wheels round unexpectedly, and the new pupil pitches quietly off on the tan-covered floor. The six lessons, if they do not make him a perfect Nimrod, are, however, very useful to him; they give him confidence, and he learns sufficient to enable him to present a decent appearance in the Row. (Until a man has ridden in London, he is unaware of the savagery of the boy population, or of their wonderful perseverance in attempting to cause fatal accidents.) These riding-schools are good sources of income to the job-master, and are generally so well patronised that the services of a riding-master and an assistant are in requisition, with very little intermission, from seven A.M. till seven P.M. The middle of the day is devoted to the ladies, who sometimes muster very strongly. In the winter evenings the school is also much used by gentlemen keeping their private hacks at livery with the job-master, and being warm, well lighted, and spacious, it forms a capital exercise-ground. These schools are also much frequented by foreigners, for the sake of the leaping-bar practice, which enables them to prepare themselves for the gymnastic evolutions of “Fox-Ont.”

Having treated of the arrangements in force in London for those who ride in omnibuses, cabs, private carriages, and on horseback, we now come to the preparation for that last journey which one day or other must be made by us all, and which has its own peculiar staff of vehicles, horses, and attendants.

The black-job, or black-coach business (as it is indifferently called) of London, is in the hands of four large proprietors, who manage between them the whole vehicular funeral arrangements of the metropolis. These men are wholly distinct from the undertakers, although they will take no direct orders from the public, but are only approachable through the undertakers, whose contract for the funeral includes conveyance. They provide hearse, mourning coaches, horses, and drivers, and one of their standing rules is, that no horse can be let without a driver, i.e. that none of their horses must be driven by persons not in their employ. These horses are



fine, strong, handsome animals, costing 50*l.* apiece, and are all imported from Holland and Belgium. They are all entire horses, no mares are ever used in the trade, and their breeding—for what reason we know not—is never attempted in this country. They are mostly of a dull blue-black colour, but they vary in hue according to their age, and, as their personal appearance is always closely scanned by bystanders, they are the recipients of constant care; a grey patch is quickly painted out; and when time has thinned any of the flowing locks of mane or tail, a false plait, taken from a deceased comrade, is quickly interwoven. They are for the most part gentle and docile, but very powerful, and often have to drag their heavy burdens a long distance. The black job-masters manufacture their own hearses at a cost of forty-five pounds each, but mourning coaches are never built expressly for their dreary work. They are nearly all old fashionable chariots, which, at their birth, were the pride of Long-acre, and in their heyday the glory of the Park; but which, when used up, are bright for the black-job business, and covered with japan, varnish, and black cloth; are re-lined with the same sad colour; and thus, at an expense not exceeding thirty-five pounds, including the cost, are changed into mourning coaches, likely to be serviceable in their new business for many years.

Among other items of information, I learned that Saturday is looked upon as the aristocratic day for funerals, while poor people are mostly buried on Sunday; that there is a very general wish among undertakers that cemeteries should be closed on Sunday; that very frequently no hearse is employed, the coffin being placed crossway—under the coachman's seat, and hidden by the hampercloth; that in cheap funerals one horse has often to convey from eight to twelve passengers; and that, after the ceremony is over, the most effectual thing to stanch the flow of mourners' grief is often found to be a game of skittles at the nearest public-house, accompanied by copious libations of beer.

#### LITERARY FRENCH WOMEN.

IN the old feudal times, which it pleases many of our more imaginative young people to believe were as far superior to these days of modern degeneracy, as real heroes are superior to carpet knights, one or two little points of morality, which we are accustomed to think rather seriously of, were on a very unsatisfactory footing. Not the least unsatisfactory of them all was the condition of women in those grim baronial halls, where romancers and pre-Raphaelites would have us believe they passed their time in the perpetual reception of incense going up from the knights and warriors assembled, and were held in the same high honour as now. We could not make a greater mistake. In those old feudal times, when wives were divorced

without scruple or offence, handed about from baron to baron, as a man would now hand over his hunter or his racer—for a consideration—marriage had neither sanctity nor surety; it was mere personal possession and legalised brutality; when mothers were regarded only as the appointed nourishers of their sons, like any other form of lacteal creature; maternity had no holiness, and brought with it no respect; when maidens were the prey of the strongest, and the prize of the most daring, wooed, worn, and cast off without love, without regard, and without regret, maiden honour was a fable, and virgin modesty a dream; while as for love—what there was of it in woman's nature grew only round her own heart in sorrowful dreams and pensive longing for an impossible ideal—not a fibre of it went to that hairy brute who drank and gamed and swore and fought in the hall, and held his lady in her bower as no better, worn, and not so pleasant, as his "gentle tapel" on its perch, or his horse within its stall. No; the womanhood of the feudal times sat in darkness and humiliation, possessed and despised; and it was from this degraded condition, with all its savage instincts and traditions, that chivalry came, like a new Perseus, to rescue the helpless Andromeda of the human world. Chivalry gave women the two things denied in their feudal marriage—respect and love; it gave them poetry and purity in place of passion and possession, and allowed them their choice of a knight—the friend who was to defend them, honour, celebrate, and love—as some consolation against the husband who held them like any other of his baronial fiefs and chattels; and with as little regard.

This chivalric custom of the adoption of a knight or friend, freely chosen and publicly maintained, who was to be all, and to do all that his lady desired or demanded, was, as a recent writer justly says, the moral protest of woman against the humiliation of their legal condition. Very solemn was that choice; hallowed by the most sacred forms used in the holiest ceremonies of the times, and blessed by priest or bishop as a contract binding on their souls, and of heavenly value in their lives. Never lightly dealt with, nor losing itself in dishonouring familiarity or the stain of sense, it was woman's badge of loving purity, and her first attempt to set herself on an equality with man. Her knight devoted himself to redress her wrongs, as he devoted himself to redress the wrongs of all the oppressed—consecrated to that office by the Church which preached celibacy as one of the gateways to heaven, and granted the *San Graal* only to the pure in heart and the chaste in life; and it would have been impossible, according to the morality of the times, that his love should have had any unseemly meaning or culmination. The most solemn as well as the most passionate pledge of that love was the kiss the lady gave him, when, kneeling before her, his hands clasped between hers, he devoted himself to her.

service for life, and the priest and court around blessed the union and bore witness to its celebration. Then, giving him a ring as the sign of their everlasting union, the lady raised him with that one holy kiss which was the last and dearest and highest consecration of their love. So thoroughly spiritualised was this knightly union of friend and lady, that a woman was assumed to have *lost* her lover if by chance she married him; for it was impossible, according to the ideas of the times, that the knight and the husband, the lover and the possessor, should be one and the same person. Wherefore the lady who married her knight, but who had promised another aspirant that if ever she changed her friend she would take him in his stead, was held by Eleanor de Guienne, presiding over the Cours d'Amour, to be bound by her promise, seeing that she had lost her knight when she became his wife—an anecdote sufficiently expressive of the spirit of these chivalric unions, and the sharp line drawn between marriage and love.

There were four degrees or stages in the progress of this knightly love. When desirous of pleasing, but afraid to speak and paying only mute court, the knight was then a *hésitant*; when encouraged so far as to humbly express his feelings otherwise than by dumb show, he was a *priaunt*; when retained as a knight and given a silken cord, gloves, or a sash to wear—her colours, in fact—he was then an *écouté*, a knight who had the right to maintain the supremacy of his lady's charms against all comers, and wear her favours in his helmet; but if after this she publicly pledged her love to him, and gave him a kiss, then he was her *drutz* or *ami*, her friend nearer and dearer to her than any other human being, for whom was reserved all the ineffable love of her soul, all the gracious tenderness of her heart and fancy. This was the boon which fair and fruitful Provence gave to the women of the middle ages; the effects of which were felt to the furthest corner of the then civilised world, and which have not entirely died away even to this day. Dante is full of this chivalric, or what we should now call passionless and platonic, love for Beatrice; and in many of the older poets before Dante the same exalted state of spiritual ecstacy is to be traced; the same rendering up of heart and soul, with never a trace of grosser longing than for that divine charity of love, that noble pity of womanhood, which would give back thought for thought, and gracious acceptance of faithful service.

Trustful in servitude  
I have been and will be,  
And loyal unto love my whole life through.  
A hundredfold of good  
Hath he not guerdon'd me  
For what I have endured of grief and woe?  
Since he hath given me unto one of whom  
Thus much he said,—Thou mightest seek for aye  
Another of such worth, so beautiful.  
Joy therefore may keep house

In this my heart, that it hath loved so well  
Meseems I scarce could dwell  
Ever in weary life or in dismay  
If no true service still my heart gave room.\*

These chivalric unions never throve heartily in England. A less imaginative race, with thicker senses, it was scarcely possible for us to subtilise and refine on this subject; perhaps well for us, in one sense, since it led us earlier than most others to the perception of the fact that the truest love is contained in the happiest marriage, and that the lady does not always lose her friend when she transforms him into her husband.

In France, that earlier chivalrous respect for women which acknowledged their moral superiority and besought grace and guidance at their hands, still exists in modernised form; less distinctly than a couple of centuries ago, but with marked emphasis yet, and undeniable social and legal results. The notable facts that women possess half the capital of France—that they are habitually employed in many of the callings devoted here solely to men,—that they are considered intellectually capable of managing large commercial concerns, and are always associated with the husband's business as he would associate any other intelligent and trusty friend, their wide social influence, and the moral hold which, as mothers, they retain on every man to the end of his life, and the allowance of strong personal friendships between them and men without scandal necessarily accruing, so long as strict personal respect is maintained, and the world sees no familiarity—all these circumstances of social life in France are remnants of chivalric times, filtered through the salons of the sixteenth century. What those salons were, one of the best of our new writers shall tell us, in that delightful book of hers which goes by the name of the loveliest woman of the last generation.†

In the beginning of the seventeenth century the Hôtel Rambouillet took its place in the civilised world as the latest form of the spirit of chivalry which had never died out from France. Madame de Rambouillet was only twenty-two, when ill health and her own inborn refinement drove her from the coarse and noisy fêtes of the court, and led her to form a court of her own; a salon in which beauty of language, delicacy of manner, and the acceptance of men for what they were themselves and not for their fathers' names, were the principal features. Malherbe and Vaugelas, the one a poet, the other a purist, grammarian, and academician, and both creators of French style, were among the most favoured guests. They were each between forty-five and fifty years of age, not personally attractive in any special manner, and not of the social class usually courted by ladies since the race of the Troubadours had ceased in the land, and song was no longer a claim to favour.

\* Rinaldo d'Aquino. Rossetti's translation.

† Madame Récamier. By Madame M.

Then other literary men came into the circle, among whom were Balzac, Voiture, and Racan—which last fell madly in love with the marquise, and wrote a play in which—under the name of Arthenice, an anagram on Catherine, her own name—he described his love, but afterwards suppressed the description, “lest it should make her unhappy.” Surely a trait of noble delicacy and self-sacrifice quite chivalric! Among other things, the Hôtel Rambouillet assigned to itself the task of purifying the language from certain grossnesses and vulgarities; nay, of even adding new words, if occasion served; as when it coined the famous word, “urbanity,” and the world accepted the coinage. This small beginning in the drawing-room of a private lady came afterwards to its full perfection in the celebrated Institut, the most successful conservatory of language ever known. Few know that the French Académie was originally due to the refinement and graceful taste of a woman. In time, the purity of the Hôtel Rambouillet, getting its exaggerative imitators degenerated into prudery and affectation, and *Les Précieuses Ridicules* of Molière were no bad photographs of what beauty had become when travestied by folly. To Richelieu, the jealous, anxious, arbitrary minister, those pleasant meetings at the Hôtel were especially distasteful. He wanted to know all that was said and done there, and could not believe that so many persons could be gathered without plotting and evil-speaking. So, one day, he sent his secretary and spy, Boisrobert, to the marquise, asking her as a favour to tell him what her people said of him there. “Sir,” said the marquise grandly, “my friends know my attachment to his Eminence, and would not, therefore, be so unpolite as to speak ill of him in my presence.” His Eminence never asked again, and the meetings went on as briskly as before.

No cards or music were called in to help the leaden-footed hours at the Hôtel Rambouillet, but all the guests talked; they cultivated the quickness of repartee, the terseness of epigram, the brilliancy of fancy, the swift bright play of thought, which give spirit to conversation. They did not, each, make up his thought into a pellet, which he launched at the head of his nearest neighbour, then withdrew nervously from the fray, as is too often the only talking to be had here; but they toyed, and sported, and played, and fenced like Arab warriors in the jereed game. This new art or grace became one of the greatest refiners of manner and helps to pleasant living known to modern society. In those days, too, the world recognised the possibility of attachments which should include all the tenderness, and exclude all the passion, of love. Julie d’Angennes, the eldest daughter of the marquise, was a striking exemplification of this, as also of the greater freedom allowed then than now to unmarried women. She was her mother’s lieutenant in that graceful army of wit and beauty, and had as many lovers as there were days in

the year; but she would listen to none of them, and always said that she would never marry any one lower than Gustavus Adolphus, the greatest hero of his age. M. de Montausier, however—a hero in his way, if not quite equal to the ideal the fair Julie had made for herself—after nine years of patient and loyal serving, succeeded in convincing her that a husband may sometimes remain a lover. It was M. de Montausier who caused the famous *Guirlande de Julie* to be made; a highly characteristic manner of wooing, with still a dash of the old chivalric sentiment clinging to it. This Garland was a folio volume of twenty-nine pages. On each page was a leaf or flower, painted in miniature by the best artists of the day; and underneath each painting was an ode or madrigal, written by the best poets—the whole executed by Jarry, the noted calligrapher.

Immediately after the Hôtel Rambouillet, with its graceful, dignified, and refined mistress, came the salon of Mademoiselle de Scudéry, where the two friends, Conrart, the jealous secretary of the Académie, and Péliisson, the secretary and defender of Fouquet, met to dispute possession of her heart. Péliisson, sixteen years her junior, and painfully disfigured by the small-pox, was the finally favoured, and Conrart had to digest his disappointment as he best might. The friendship between Mademoiselle de Scudéry and Péliisson stands almost unrivalled in the annals of Platonism. It lasted through the five years of solitary confinement in the Bastille, where he was imprisoned for the defence of Fouquet, and where he formed that celebrated friendship with the spider which has made his name more famous, perhaps, than his friendship with La Scudéry; and it lasted up to the day of his death, when he was seventy and she eighty-six, and the grave parted them for but a brief day. No one ever dared to slander this noble affection. The bitterest satirists left it alone; the most cynical disbelievers in human purity were forced to respect its innocence. It was a fine-hearted woman’s verdict in favour of intelligence against station, and of the superior charms of mind against the mere outside graces of form.

Madame de Sablé next carried on this grand war of womanhood against the degrading influences of class and caste, and in her salon, as in those of her predecessors, the literary man and the refined man were always welcome—more welcome than the titled or the wealthy, if brainless or coarse. She, too, maintained her place as lawgiver and superior, and recognised no holiness in the Griselda type of woman.

Our next queen of society was not so true to her class. The Duchesse de Longueville forsook her pride for a lower, if a more natural love, and her biography shows us the rare phenomena of a lady who humbled herself to her lover, and accepted laws instead of framing them. La Rochefoucault—whose wise and foolish, true and false Maxims were, like the nobler *Thoughts* of Pascal, mainly elaborated from the conversations held at Madame de Sablé’s—found means

to bend the duchess to his selfish will, and to break the sceptre of a dethroned queen. La Longueville is the first woman of salon notoriety who bowed herself at the foot of man; and in her humiliation may be traced the beginning of that comparative decline in female influence which has been of such evil consequence to France. I say comparative, for there were still many years of salon supremacy to come: years when Madame de Maintenon and Madame de Sévigné, Madame Roland, Madame de Staël, Joséphine, and Madame Récamier gave laws to their various worlds; years when woman's grace and purity and fine moral perceptions and spiritual insight helped men through many a miry way of conscientious difficulty, made many a doubtful matter clear and bright, made politics, religion, and friendship, an article of faith, and preserved still to modern manners something of the fragrant delicacy of the old chivalric times.

But the greatest result which this recognised influence of women has worked in France—far greater, even now in its decay, than what has ever been allowed with us—is the higher position it has accorded the literary men. When our best poets and authors were standing, shabby and mean, hat in hand, humbly waiting on some rich man's levee, or wallowing in every species of low vice; when they were hiding in the contemptuous poverty of Grub-street, unable to face a dun or pay a milkwoman's paltry score; when they took their victuals behind a screen, and submitted to the insolence of footmen for sake of the paltry pound which was the price of a fulsome dedication,—in France they were courted, fêted, caressed, protected; the favourite visitors to those desired salons which sifted out all that was best and brightest for their special keeping; the only kings holding joint rule with those beloved queens. "Where, except in France, do we find it a general rule and custom for women of all ranks to make common cause with the whole talent and genius of the country?" asks Madame M. Assuredly not here in England, nor yet in Germany. Here a woman waits for a man's fame before she extends her hand to him; in France she makes his fame by her friendship; here, he must add to his reputation some aroma of birth or wealth before becoming thoroughly adopted in our drawing-rooms (temporary lionising is not adoption); there, he needs only to be witty, and well bred, to have the entrée to the best salons in Paris. Therefore, in France, literature is the highest profession a man can follow, higher even than art; here, it is no passport of itself, but only the occasion, the accident. Women who love art and literature and all the finer phases of mind, have so little social influence here, that they do not rule and refine. If they did, we should never have heard a word of the penny-a-liner, or the old degrading Grub-street taunt; such histories as Chatterton and Otway in the past. The chivalry which exalted women would react upon men, and the homage paid to beauty, would be rewarded by the

purification and refinement of force. Wherever women have had most influence, there has society been most virtuous, and manners and intelligence more cared for than mere birth and possessions.

#### NIGHT.

WHEN the glaring day  
Slow has died away,  
The glowing sun  
Gathers his barbs of light  
Into his quiver bright  
And Day is done.

O'er the brilliant scene  
Stealeth Night serene  
Majestic, calm;  
From the drowsy Earth  
Ascends in pious mirth  
A wondrous Psalm

Of thanks and praise to Him  
Who gave to us the dim  
And shad'wy Night;  
A Psalm of Hope and Love  
To Him who rules above  
O'er dark and light.

With footsteps soft and calm,  
Breathing heav'nly balm  
Glides on the Night;  
O'er the sleeping World  
Holdeth she unfur'd  
Her flag of might.

Peace with her she brings  
On her dusky wings  
To breaking hearts,  
E'en when gentle Sleep,  
Poppied, soft, and deep,  
From them departs.

Her great tender eyes  
From the darkened skies,  
Mournfully look;  
Look with grief on those  
Who with many throes  
Learn in Life's Book

That what always seems  
Fair and bright in dreams  
Is bitter truth;  
One by one they lie  
Stricken and then die,  
The hopes of youth.

Of the aching heart  
Calmeth she the smart,  
And on the head  
And sleepless weary lids  
Lays her hands, and bids  
The pain be dead.

Anguish deep, that flees  
Man's cold look, she sees  
With her calm eyes;  
Grief that longs for tears—  
Jealous, biting fears—  
Hate that ne'er dies.

Deep remorse and keen—  
All this she has seen;  
Her pity'ng care  
She extends o'er all,  
Be they great or small,  
Who mis'ry share.



At her quiet tread  
 Sinks the aching head  
 That longed for rest,  
 Rugged paths seem smooth'd,  
 Pains to peace is sooth'd,  
 Upon her breast.

Bright stars her veil do studd,  
 The pale moon sheds a flood  
 Of silver sheen;  
 Alike on good and bad,  
 On weeping eyes and glad,  
 Shines she serene.

Beneath the star-light pale,  
 Watching the Queen Moon sail  
 Through the dim sky,  
 With deep Night all around,  
 Without an Earthly sound—  
 Thus would I die!

### THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

WHEN I think I deserve particularly well of myself, and have earned the right to enjoy a little treat, I stroll from Covent-garden into the City of London, after business-hours there, on a Saturday, or—better yet—on a Sunday, and roam about its deserted nooks and corners. It is necessary to the full enjoyment of these journeys that they should be made in summer-time, for then the retired spots that I love to haunt, are at their idlest and dullest. A gentle fall of rain is not objectionable, and a warm mist sets off my favourite retreats to decided advantage.

Among these, City Churchyards hold a high place. Such strange churchyards bide in the City of London; churchyards sometimes so entirely detached from churches, always so pressed upon by houses; so small, so rank, so silent, so forgotten, except by the few people who ever look down into them from their smoky windows. As I stand peeping in through the iron gates and rails, I can peel the rusty metal off, like bark from an old tree. The illegible tombstones are all lop-sided, the grave-mounds lost their shape in the rains of a hundred years ago, the Lombardy Poplar or Plane-Tree that was once a dyers' daughter and several common councilmen, has withered like those worthies, and its departed leaves are dust beneath it. Contagion of slow ruin overhangs the place. The discoloured tiled roofs of the environing buildings stand so awry, that they can hardly be proof against any stress of weather. Old crazy stacks of chimneys seem to look down as they overhang, dubiously calculating how far they will have to fall. In an angle of the walls, what was once the tool-house of the grave-digger rots away, encrusted with toadstools. Pipes and spouts for carrying off the rain from the encompassing gables, broken or feloniously cut for old lead long ago, now let the rain drip and splash as it lists upon the weedy earth. Sometimes there is a rusty pump somewhere near, and, as I look in at the rails and meditate, I hear it working under an unknown hand with a creaking protest: as though the departed in the churchyard urged, "Let us lie here in peace; don't suck us up and drink us!"

One of my best beloved churchyards, I call the churchyard of Saint Ghastly Grim; touching what men in general call it, I have no information. It lies at the heart of the City, and the Blackwall Railway shrieks at it daily. It is a small small churchyard, with a ferocious strong spiked iron gate, like a jail. This gate is ornamented with skulls and cross-bones, larger than the life, wrought in stone; but it likewise came into the mind of Saint Ghastly Grim, that to stick iron spikes a-top of the stone skulls, as though they were impaled, would be a pleasant device. Therefore the skulls grin aloft horribly, thrust through and through with iron spears. Hence, there is attraction of repulsion for me in Saint Ghastly Grim, and, having often contemplated it in the daylight and the dark, I once felt drawn towards it in a thunderstorm at midnight. "Why not?" I said, in self excuse. "I have been to see the Colosseum by the light of the moon; is it worse to go to see Saint Ghastly Grim by the light of the lightning?" I repaired to the Saint in a hackney cab, and found the skulls most effective, having the air of a public execution, and seeming, as the lightning flashed, to wink and grin with the pain of the spikes. Having no other person to whom to impart my satisfaction, I communicated it to the driver. So far from being responsive, he surveyed me—he was naturally a bottle-nosed red-faced man—with a blanched countenance. And as he drove me back, he ever and again glanced in over his shoulder through the little front window of his carriage, as mistrusting that I was a fare originally from a grave in the churchyard of Saint Ghastly Grim, who might have flitted home again without paying.

Sometimes, the queer Hall of some queer Company gives upon a churchyard such as this, and, when the Livery dine, you may hear them (if you are looking in through the iron rails, which you never are when I am) toasting their own Worshipful prosperity. Sometimes, a wholesale house of business, requiring much room for stowage, will occupy one or two or even all three sides of the enclosing space, and the backs of bales of goods will lumber up the windows, as if they were holding some crowded trade-meeting of themselves within. Sometimes, the commanding windows are all blank, and show no more sign of life than the graves below—not so much, for *they* tell of what once upon a time was life undoubtedly. Such was the surrounding of one City churchyard that I saw last summer, on a Volunteering Saturday evening towards eight of the clock, when with astonishment I beheld an old old man and an old old woman in it, making hay. Yes, of all occupations in this world, making hay! It was a very confined patch of churchyard lying between Gracechurch-street and the Tower, capable of yielding, say an apronful of hay. By what means the old old man and woman had got into it, with an almost toothless haymaking rake, I could not fathom. No open window was within view; no window at all was within view, sufficiently near the ground

to have enabled their old legs to descend from it; the rusty churchyard-gate was locked, the mouldy church was locked. Gravely among the graves, they made hay, all alone by themselves. They looked like Time and his wife. There was but the one rake between them, and they both had hold of it in a pastorally-loving manner, and there was hay on the old woman's black bonnet, as if the old man had recently been playful. The old man was quite an obsolete old man, in knee-breeches and coarse grey stockings, and the old woman wore mittens like unto his stockings in texture and in colour. They took no heed of me as I looked on, unable to account for them. The old woman was much too bright for a pew-opener, the old man much too meek for a beadle. On an old tombstone in the foreground between me and them, were two cherubim; but for those celestial embellishments being represented as having no possible use for knee-breeches, stockings, or mittens, I should have compared them with the haymakers, and sought a likeness. I coughed and awoke the echoes, but the haymakers never looked at me. They used the rake with a measured action, drawing the scanty crop towards them; and so I was fain to leave them under three yards and a half of darkening sky, gravely making hay among the graves, all alone by themselves. Perhaps they were Spectres, and I wanted a Medium?

In another City churchyard of similar cramped dimensions, I saw, that self-same summer, two comfortable charity children. They were making love—tremendous proof of the vigour of that immortal article, for they were in the graceful uniform under which English Charity delights to hide herself—and they were overgrown, and their legs (his legs at least, for I am modestly incompetent to speak of hers) were as much in the wrong as mere passive weakness of character can render legs. O it was a leaden churchyard, but no doubt a golden ground to those young persons! I first saw them on a Saturday evening, and, perceiving from their occupation that Saturday evening was their trysting-time, I returned that evening se'nnight, and renewed the contemplation of them. They came there to shake the bits of matting which were spread in the church aisles, and they afterwards rolled them up, he rolling his end, she rolling hers, until they met, and over the two once divided now united rolls—sweet emblem!—gave and received a chaste salute. It was so freshening to find one of my faded churchyards blooming into flower thus, that I returned a second time, and a third, and ultimately this befel:—They had left the church door open, in their dusting and arranging. Walking in to look at the church, I became aware, by the dim light, of him in the pulpit, of her in the reading-desk, of him looking down, of her looking up, exchanging tender discourse. Immediately both dived, and became as it were non-existent on this sphere. With an assumption of innocence I turned to leave the sacred edifice, when an obese form stood in the portal, puffily demanding Joseph,

or, in default of Joseph, Celia. Taking this monster by the sleeve, and luring him forth on pretence of showing him whom he sought, I gave time for the emergence of Joseph and Celia, who presently came towards us in the churchyard, bending under dusty matting, a picture of thriving and unconscious industry. It would be superfluous to hint that I have ever since deemed this the proudest passage in my life.

But such instances, or any tokens of vitality, are rare indeed in my City churchyards. A few sparrows occasionally try to raise a lively chirrup in their solitary tree—perhaps, as taking a different view of worms from that entertained by humanity—but they are flat and hoarse of voice, like the clerk, the organ, the bell, the clergyman, and all the rest of the Church-works when they are wound up for Sunday. Caged larks, thrushes, or blackbirds, hanging in neighbouring courts, pour forth their strains passionately, as scenting the tree, trying to break out, and see leaves again before they die, but their song is Willow, Willow—of a churchyard cast. So little light lives inside the churches of my churchyards, when the two are co-existent, that it is often only by an accident and after long acquaintance that I discover their having stained glass in some odd window. The westering sun slants into the churchyard by some unwonted entry, a few prismatic tears drop on an old tombstone, and a window that I thought was only dirty, is for the moment all bejewelled. Then the light passes and the colours die. Though even then, if there be room enough for me to fall back so far as that I can gaze up to the top of the Church Tower, I see the rusty vane new burnished, and seeming to look out with a joyful flash over the sea of smoke at the distant shore of country.

Blinking old men who are let out of work-houses by the hour, have a tendency to sit on bits of coping-stone in these churchyards, leaning with both hands on their sticks and asthmatically gasping. The more depressed class of beggars too, bring hither broken meats, and munch. I am on nodding terms with a meditative turncock who lingers in one of them, and whom I suspect of a turn for poetry: the rather, as he looks out of temper when he gives the fire-plug a disparaging wrench with that large tuning-fork of his which would wear out the shoulder of his coat, but for a precautionary piece of inlaid leather. Fire-ladders, which I am satisfied nobody knows anything about, and the keys of which were lost in ancient times, moulder away in the larger churchyards, under eaves like wooden eyebrows; and so removed are those corners from the haunts of men and boys, that once on a fifth of November I found a "Guy" trusted to take care of himself there, while his proprietors had gone to dinner. Of the expression of his face I cannot report, because it was turned to the wall; but his shrugged shoulders and his ten extended fingers, appeared to denote that he had moralised in his little straw chair on the mystery of mortality until he gave it up as a bad job.

You do not come upon these churchyards violently; there are shades of transition in the neighbourhood. An antiquated news shop, or barber's shop, apparently bereft of customers in the earlier days of George the Third, would warn me to look out for one, if any discoveries in this respect were left for me to make. A very quiet court, in combination with an unaccountable dyer's and scourer's, would prepare me for a churchyard. An exceedingly retiring public-house, with a bagatelle-board shadily visible in a sawdusty parlour shaped like an omnibus, and with a shelf of punch-bowls in the bar, would apprise me that I stood near consecrated ground. A "Dairy," exhibiting in its modest window one very little milk can and three eggs, would suggest to me the certainty of finding the poultry hard by, pecking at my forefathers. I first inferred the vicinity of Saint Ghastly Grim, from a certain air of extra repose and gloom pervading a vast stack of warehouses.

From the hush of these places, it is congenial to pass into the hushed resorts of business. Down the lanes I like to see the carts and waggons huddled together in repose, the cranes idle, and the warehouses shut. Pausing in the alleys behind the closed Banks of mighty Lombard-street, it gives one as good as a rich feeling to think of the broad counters with a rim along the edge, made for telling money out on, the scales for weighing precious metals, the ponderous ledgers, and, above all, the bright copper shovels for shovelling gold. When I draw money, it never seems so much money as when it is shovelled at me out of a bright copper shovel. I like to say "In gold," and to see seven pounds musically pouring out of the shovel, like seventy; the Bank appearing to remark to me—I italicise *appearing*—"if you want more of this yellow earth, we keep it in barrows, at your service." To think of the banker's clerk with his deft finger turning the crisp edges of the Hundred-Pound Notes he has taken in a fat roll out of a drawer, is again to hear the rustling of that delicious south-cash wind. "How will you have it?" I once heard this usual question asked at a Bank Counter of an elderly female, habited in mourning and steeped in simplicity, who answered, open-eyed, crook-fingered, laughing with expectation, "Anyhow!" Calling these things to mind as I stroll among the Banks, I wonder whether the other solitary Sunday man I pass, has designs upon the Banks. For the interest and mystery of the matter, I almost hope he may have, and that his confederate may be at this moment taking impressions of the keys of the iron closets in wax, and that a delightful robbery may be in course of transaction. About College-hill, Mark-lane, and so on towards the Tower, and Dockward, the deserted wine-merchants' cellars are fine subjects for consideration; but the deserted money-cellars of the Bankers, and their plate-cellars, and their jewel-cellars, what subterranean regions of the Wonderful Lamp are these! And again: possibly some shoeless boy in rags passed through this street yesterday, for whom

it is reserved to be a Banker in the fulness of time, and to be surpassing rich. Such reverses have been, since the days of Whittington; and were, long before. I want to know whether the boy has any foreglittering of that glittering fortune now, when he treads these stones, hungry. Much as I also want to know whether the next man to be hanged at Newgate yonder, had any suspicion upon him that he was moving steadily towards that fate, when he talked so much about the last man who paid the same great debt at the same small Debtors' Door.

Where are all the people who on busy working-days pervade these scenes? The locomotive banker's clerk, who carries a black portfolio chained to him by a chain of steel, where is he? Does he go to bed with his chain on—to church with his chain on—or does he lay it by? And if he lays it by, what becomes of his portfolio when he is unchained for a holiday? The waste-paper baskets of these closed counting-houses would let me into many hints of business matters if I had the exploration of them; and what secrets of the heart should I discover on the "pads" of the young clerks—the sheets of cartridge-paper and blotting-paper interposed between their writing and their desks! Pads are taken into confidence on the tenderest occasions, and oftentimes when I have made a business visit, and have sent in my name from the outer office, have I had it forced on my discursive notice that the officiating young gentleman has over and over again inscribed AMELIA, in ink of various dates, on corners of his pad. Indeed, the pad may be regarded as the legitimate modern successor of the old forest-tree: whereon these young knights (having no attainable forest nearer than Epping) engrave the names of their mistresses. After all, it is a more satisfactory process than carving, and can be oftener repeated. So these courts in their Sunday rest are courts of Love Omnipotent (I rejoice to bethink myself, dry as they look. And here is Garraway's, bolted and shuttered hard and fast! It is possible to imagine the man who cuts the sandwiches, on his back in a hayfield; it is possible to imagine his desk, like the desk of a clerk at church, without him; but imagination is unable to pursue the men who wait at Garraway's all the week for the men who never come. When they are forcibly put out of Garraway's on Saturday night—which they must be, for they never would go out of their own accord—where do they vanish until Monday morning? On the first Sunday that I ever strayed here, I expected to find them hovering about these lanes, like restless ghosts, and trying to peep into Garraway's through chinks in the shutters, if not endeavouring to turn the lock of the door with false keys, picks, and screw-drivers. But the wonder is, that they go clean away! And now I think of it, the wonder is, that every working-day pervader of these scenes goes clean away. The man who sells the dogs' collars and the little toy coal-scuttles, feels under as great an obligation to go afar off, as Glyn and Co., or Smith, Payne, and

Smith. There is an old monastery-crypt under Garraway's (I have been in it among the port wine), and perhaps Garraway's, taking pity on the mouldy men who wait in its public-room all their lives, gives them cool house-room down there over Sundays; but the catacombs of Paris would not be large enough to hold the rest of the missing. This characteristic of London City greatly helps its being the quaint place it is in the weekly pause of business, and greatly helps my Sunday sensation in it of being the Last Man. In my solitude, the ticket-porters being all gone with the rest, I venture to breathe to the quiet bricks and stones my confidential wonderment why a ticket-porter, who never does any work with his hands, is bound to wear a white apron, and why a great Ecclesiastical Dignitary, who never does any work with his hands either, is equally bound to wear a black one.

#### \* PERSIAN PREJUDICES.

A FOREIGN merchant named Meerza Ali, who had been robbed of some shawls, was advised to apply to the grand vizier. The vizier told him to go to the shop of the merchant who had received the stolen shawls, and there wait. By-and-by his highness passed on horse-back in great state. "Ah, Ali, is that you?" said the vizier; "how long have you been here? Where are you stopping? I hope you mean to lodge with me?" Then making a servant dismount from one of his finest horses, he requested Ali to ride with him, and passed on to his palace, where he assigned rooms to his astonished guest. The thief shortly after came and threw himself at the feet of Ali, and gave back the stolen shawls with a handsome present.

The fact is, that if one man is unfortunate enough to owe money to another who has more influence than his debtor, the essential fact in the case illustrated above, the peace of the debtor's life is henceforth at an end. The creditor employs a terrible species of nightmare—a bailiff, who never leaves him night nor day, and pesters him constantly by repeating the demand in a sing-song tone of voice till the debt is paid. This sort of torture is called sitting on a man. It is a decree very frequently resorted to. A Persian, who considered that he had a claim on the British government, once found his way to England, and went to the Foreign-office, taking his carpet with him, and determined to lie down before the door till he was satisfied. There was some difficulty in getting rid of him, with due regard to justice and good feeling.

No rank or position in life is beyond the reach of the stick in Persia, and the people really seem only to admire and respect those who have the power and the will to use it. I have seen a Persian minister whose toe-nails had been beaten off by the shah, and whose feet were so lacerated that they festered, and he was obliged to keep his bed for six months in con-

sequence; but he seemed to feel no anger, irritation, or shame upon the subject, but spoke of it without hesitation or reserve. "He is a very great king, the shah! A very great king, indeed!" he would say. "Look at my feet!"

When Lady MacNiell visited the royal harem by invitation, a number of young princes were at play in the apartments of their mothers, blindfolded. Lady MacNiell inquired why the children were thus blindfolded, and their mothers composedly replied that they were merely practising to acquire dexterity, that in case their eyes should be put out when they became men, they might be able to walk about, and be less dependent in consequence of this early training.

The King of Persia is called "king of kings," and "the centre of the world." He often concludes an official document with the information that if the receiver does not obey the commands contained in it, he shall have a kick from which he will not recover in this world.

A kind and merciful man was, not long ago, appointed governor of a province through the influence of one of the European embassies, and he had got, somehow, many new-fangled ideas into his head. Among other things, he desired to govern with justice and moderation as far as the rapacity of the court would allow him; and, for some time, he could not understand how it happened that he was so universally unpopular. There was no overlooking the fact that the people not only disliked, but they despised him. In his perplexity, he asked counsel of one of the oldest inhabitants of the city which was the seat of his government. The venerable sage, who had been brought to his presence with some difficulty, eyed him slyly. "We are," said he, "accustomed to be beaten, and you do not beat us; we, therefore, naturally suppose that you cannot and dare not do so, and we consider it as an affront that a person of so little consequence has been appointed to rule over us." "If this is the case," returned the governor, reconverted at once to the faith and customs of his country by an argument so unanswerable, "you shall be satisfied to your hearts' content; and, to mark my respect for your person, I will have you beaten first." The old man made no objection, and, some time after, hobbled away with sore feet to tell his admirers that the governor was not really such a contemptible person as he seemed. This opinion was confirmed on the following day, when all the chief merchants were seized and flogged, after which the governor got on very well with them, till, in due time, he was, of course, replaced by one who had no European prejudices at all. These stories would have no salt in them if they were not true, but, indeed, the stick is the principal element in the life of a Persian. There was a khan with whom I was in the habit of dining while in Persia, and one day it must be confessed that the pilaff was less succulent than could have been wished. I innocently confided my sentiments upon the subject to my entertainer, and, shortly afterwards, we heard some shrill cries. "It is,"



said my host politely, in answer to my inquiring glance, "the cook; we shall have a better pilaff next time." And, in truth, when I dined with the khan again, the pilaff was quite a gastronomic triumph. The stick and its uses are so well known in Persia, that it is considered the extreme of ill manners to enter a house with a cane in one's hand.

In the Persian method of bastinadoing, the ankles of the culprit are bound to a pole from ten to fifteen feet long; he is then thrown down on his back upon the pavement, and the pole is raised and supported by men at the two ends. The culprit thus lies entirely helpless, however much he may struggle, and his legs extending upwards, the bottoms of his feet present a fine flat surface to the application of the rod. An officer brings forward a large bundle of rods, perhaps a hundred in number, six or eight feet long, from the storehouse of the magistrate, in which they are always kept ready; three or four other officers take each a rod, and thump away till it is worn out, and then renew it from the bundle.

The late prime minister received three thousand blows with sticks on the soles of his feet for striking one of the king's servants. He was then minister for war. He was laid up for a long time, and lost all his toe-nails.

Of course the effects of torture in obtaining confessions from accused people are such as may be imagined. "How much did you steal?" inquired a judge of one quivering state criminal. The man shrieked out in his agony that he had stolen one hundred thousand tomauns. The sum missed, however, was only twenty-one thousand, and he was tortured again till he named that sum.

Even the very precincts of the court and the interior of the Anderoon itself, are often the scene of great barbarity. The following is from an eye-witness: The queen happened to sneeze. A little child who was present sneezed also. "Take away that child for sneezing," said the queen. "No, no!" interposed one of the women, kindly, "sneezing is lucky." The queen complained to the king, who ordered the woman to be dragged before him by the hair. A common punishment is to brand a criminal on the forehead, and then to burn down his house.

Of course such a state of things as this could only exist together with extreme ignorance, and truly the ignorance of the Persians can hardly be surpassed, though they have indeed great natural wit.

Some innocent American missionaries, who founded a school among the Nestorians, were much delighted by the cheerfulness and regularity with which three scholars, the sons of a widow, attended at their seminary, and the comfort and benefit they were glad to declare that they derived upon all occasions from the instruction provided for them. This agreeable state of affairs lasted about three weeks, when the old lady, their mother, sent in a bill for their attendance, and upon the astonished missionaries making some objections to pay a demand so unexpected, she at once removed her children from

the school, saying, "that they were not slaves to work all day for nothing, and that the politeness which they had hitherto shown in reading the missionaries books for them had its limits, and was now exhausted."

The ignorance of the Persians is not less than their intolerance and fanaticism.

A Persian nobleman, who was very sick, was induced by the example of the court to consult a Frank doctor, but he begged that a Persian might be allowed to prepare the medicine which he was to take, for he could not consent to swallow anything which had been made up by Christian hands.

The Persians wash their hands after touching a Christian even by accident, and say a short prayer. They will not allow a Christian to go even to their public baths. They wash a cup three times after he has drank from it. They will not again sit upon the same carpet that he has pressed. But they have learned to know that some of the Franks are angry men. They have seen their most terrible chiefs go down before the Frankish swords like corn before the sickle. They have seen their clouds of innumerable horsemen scattered like dust by the mighty array of Christian armies. They are also a polite and courteous people—the Frenchmen of the East. They are therefore at much pains to reconcile fanaticism and a fear of the consequence of its exhibition. A Frankish stranger, on entering a Persian house, will probably notice that there is a smart carpet laid down apart in a particular corner of the room for him, that upon the tea-tray there is one particular cup prettier than the rest which is offered to him, and that the sherbet is served to him in a glass differing from the others, and probably more costly. All these are devices to conceal the utter loathing with which he is regarded by his host.

Their intolerance and superstition are about on a par, as may be supposed. Though they pretend to despise the Christian faith, they like to have a Bible in the room for a sick person. They suppose that it prevents the entrance of evil spirits. A sick person is, moreover, never left alone, for fear of demons.

Among the Koords are a tribe called Sypokees, who are Zezidees, or reputed worshippers of the devil. They regard the devil as a malignant being, but high in rank, and the prime minister of the Divine displeasure. They call him Milik Tasos (mighty angel), and regarding such to be his rank and influence, they deem it at least good policy for them to conciliate his favour. Accordingly, while they profess adoration for the one true God, and much respect for Christ as his messenger, and higher reverence still for Mahomet as the greatest of prophets, they are deeply solicitous to keep on friendly terms with Satan, and are very careful to say and do nothing to displease him. When one of another nation pronounces the word Satan in their presence they are distressed and offended by it, supposing that others, whenever they allude to the devil at all, do it always with disrespect. Not being

fully aware of their sensitiveness, I inquired one evening of a Zezidee who was present, in what estimation his people hold the Evil One, wishing merely to elicit information. But he manifested such indications of annoyance and kindling anger, that I desisted from questioning him, and endeavoured to obtain some facts on the subject from the Armenians of the village where I was staying. The secrets of the religious system of the Zezidees are, however, so studiously concealed, that it is but very imperfectly known to others. One remarkable fact in the system is, that if a circle be described about them either by marking the ground with a stick or walking around them, they conceive the circle to involve some magical charm, and are very reluctant to leave it until it is broken. They are also superstitious in drinking wine about spilling a drop on the ground.

The Persians attribute the frequent earthquakes in their country to the fact that the earth stands upon a great bull, which, being now and then stung by a fly, shakes his head, and thus causes a shock to his burden.

The custom of trying a fall—that is to say, of opening the Koran where it will, and taking the first passage that meets the eye for counsel in time of difficulty—is a common practice. They place such implicit faith in it, that they will not take medicine during sickness if the fall is unfortunate. They observe happy hours, and consult astrologers respecting them. Even the king has an astrologer, and the priesthood do not reprove the custom of taking advice from him. Superstitions become often grave matters of state, upon which important affairs may depend. I remember a French ambassador having been conducted in state to the capital, during an awful snow-storm, because it had been declared by the astrologers to be his “happy hour.” It is the fashion, and a very old one, to keep a pig in the stable of valuable horses, that the evil eye may fall upon him, or demons may play their pranks with him rather than with the horses. When a great man is travelling, a sheep or a cow, according to his rank, is killed at the entrance of every village through which he passes. The throat of the animal is cut, and the blood allowed to flow across the path so that his horse may step upon it. Perhaps even the head of the slaughtered animal is thrown across the road as he goes by. It is hoped that the Fates may be thus propitiated, and that any evil which might have otherwise overtaken him will be by these means averted and attracted to the beast. It is not always a cow or a sheep that is selected to take upon itself the evil which might befall a great man. At the marriage of a wealthy and powerful khan, I have heard that a beggar threw himself from a great height, and broke one of his limbs for the same purpose. The khan pensioned him handsomely.

If a Persian sneezes when he is about to do anything, he will not do it. The sneeze is looked upon as a warning.

The principles and practice of physic are much the same in Persia now as during the dark

ages in Europe. Thus barren women are fed on sparrow soup. The lungs of foxes are given for consumption, rose-leaves for melancholy. The general average of longevity is from ten to fifteen years less than in England.

Ignorant, savage, intolerant, superstitious, as they are, the Persians are extraordinarily ceremonious. They have even an art of getting up and an art of sitting down, which must in no case be infringed. The Persians do not sit cross-legged like the Turks. They sit upon their knees. To sit cross-legged is considered boorish, unless permission is first asked from the company. On getting up, it is necessary to rise without making any use of the hands.

In no country are visits so strictly regulated and so intolerable a nuisance as in Persia. A man calls upon you to pass the morning as if life had no other object than visiting, and as long as time was got rid of, it did not matter how.

In conversation, they speak low and soft to superiors and equals. Loudly and haughtily to inferiors. The person employed to negotiate with Pasley, Sir John Malcolm's secretary, begged to be excused roaring at him in public, declaring that he was obliged to do so by his official rank.

Their talk, which is at first amusing, soon grows wearisome when one gets accustomed to it, and it is dreadfully troublesome in business. Their chief object in talking appears always to clothe nothing in fine phrases and round-about language. They have a remarkable faculty of finding excuses, and always take the best answer they can invent wholly irrespective of its truth or falsehood. Their talk is sententious, but usually dull and common-place enough. Only fancy the feelings of a sane man in being talked to constantly like this:

Is your health good?

Is your palate lusty?

Are you in fat keeping?

Thanks unto God.

By your auspices.

Only let your condition be prosperous, and I am of course very well.

Your coming is delightful.

Your arrival is gladsome.

You are the joy of my eyes.

Peace be with you.

May God give you strength.

Your coming is welcome.

May God grant you increase.

May God give you the kingdom of heaven.

May God bless your garment to you.

May God bless your house.

Sometimes, however, they strike upon a quaint and original idea.

“If I make shoes to last,” said a cobbler to me, “how am I to live?”

And sometimes they hit upon a pretty thought.

“It is impossible,” said a Persian khan, alluding to a friend whom he was told had slandered him—“it is impossible that one I love so much should speak ill of me.”

“What do you mean,” said I once to an ambassador, who had passed a long time in

Europe—"what do you mean by the salutation 'May your shadow never be less?'"

"We live," answered the khan, pleasantly, "under a very hot sun in Persia, and we retire to the shadow for repose and peace. The power of a great man gives rest and tranquillity to many, for none dare to injure or molest those whom he protects. So we call that power his shadow, and hope for our own sakes as well as his that it may never diminish."

The superstitions peculiar to Persia are very numerous. If the fast preceding Christmas happens to commence on Sunday, expect a hard winter and much snow, followed by a wet spring and a sickly summer.

If on the first Friday of the moon her corners are nearly perpendicular, expect a famine, wars in Turkey, and the birth of many children.

A skewbald horse is said to bring disaster to its owner. Commonly the death of a child.

The Persians are, perhaps, the most licentious people in the world, but side by side with all this depravity of manners is an odd kind of prudery. One day an acquaintance of mine sent for a barber's apprentice. Another came. My acquaintance asked why the man who usually came did not come on that occasion.

"Oh!" replied the master-barber, "he is gone to Mazanderan."

"And when will he be back?"

"I do not know. I am not anxious for his return."

"Why not?"

"He is a very disreputable man."

"How so?"

"When he goes to bed he takes off his trousers."

"Indeed, shocking depravity."

"All Persians should sleep in their clothes."

A bath belonging to a great khan fell down and smothered sixteen people during some heavy rains. Attempt was made to rescue them, but the high priest interfered and refused to allow the bodies to be dug out, alleging that naked men and women could not be thus exposed together in case any of them should be still alive. The ground was then given up for a cemetery.

In spite of bad government, waste, and false ideas of every kind, Persia is still, perhaps, the most prosperous kingdom of the East. The state of agriculture in Persia, for instance, is far better than in Turkey, although it presents the same Oriental picture of waste and thrift. Field labour in Persia is chiefly performed by women. All crops in Persia must be artificially irrigated, as rain seldom falls there during the warm months of the year. The fact that the plains are nearly level facilitates the process. Water is taken by canals from the small rivers that roll down the mountains, and conveyed along near the foot of the declivities. Smaller canals leading from the main ones carry it down to prescribed sections of the plain; and these are again subdivided and conducted to particular fields, as it is needed. The openings from the main canals are readily closed when sufficient water is taken out for a given field, and the

stream then passes on to cheer and fertilise the thirsty soil of the next neighbour. The case with which the gardener changes these streams, by closing or opening a channel with his spade, or even with his foot, vividly illustrates the scriptural allusion to Divine sovereignty: "The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord as the rivers of water: He turneth it whithersoever He will." If the fields are not level, they must be divided and worked by a spade or plough into level sections, each enclosed within a ridge a few inches high; and these divisions are successively watered.

The water privileges are a great subject of contest, a portion each farmer or landowner being entitled to only on particular days or hours of the week; and it often happens towards the close of summer, when the streams are low, that quarrels arise on the subject, the water being exhausted before it reaches the lower parts of the plain, and then there is a fight. Where streams do not exist, or cannot readily be conducted, wells are in some cases dug, from which water is drawn with a bucket of skin upon a windlass turned by an ox, as in ancient Egypt. In other cases a well is sunk upon a descending plain till a spring is found, and a canal cut from the bottom underground, descending just enough to convey its water along; and a few yards from the first a second well is dug, that the earth, in cutting the subterranean passage, may be drawn out; and the same process is repeated till the spring is conveyed to the surface, and made to irrigate the adjacent fields. The rapidity with which the wells are dug is surprising. Two men—one at the top with a small hand-windlass, and a leather bucket to draw up the soil, and the other below with an iron prong like a tusk, furnished with a short handle, to dig it up, and a huge iron spoon with which to fill the bucket—will work down twenty to twenty-five feet per day; and the soil is so dry as to leave no curve nor wall to prevent it from passing.

The grist mill is the only species of machinery moved by water in Persia. This is exceedingly simple in its construction, consisting merely of a perpendicular shaft with a water-wheel attached to the bottom, and the upper millstone placed upon the top. Water is conveyed from the canal down to the buckets of the wheel by a large spout or trough dug from the trunk of a tree very narrow at the surface, and often entirely covered over with pieces of board. This spout is placed at an angle of at least forty-five degrees, and, with a head of fifteen to twenty feet, it turns the wheel with prodigious rapidity and power. The Persians, having no means of bolting their flour, sift it with coarse sieves by hand. "Two women grinding at the mill," a small hand-mill, is still a familiar scene in Persia among the peasants.

The pleasures of the country gentlemen are the same as those known in Europe in the middle ages. Hawking is, perhaps, the chief. A nobleman often rides abroad with a falcon on his wrist. The right hand is covered with a glove, the only case in which the Persian makes

use of gloves, except a few who have recently borrowed the practice from Europeans, and the hawk is taught to perch itself upon the hand thus secured, being held there by small leather strings noosed about its legs. The party ride over the fields in promiscuous order, and as a quail or other bird is started up, the hawk is let fly from the hand and darts in an instant upon the prey, grasps it in his claws, and begins to devour it, when a servant gallops up and seizes the game, throwing merely the head to the hawk. When the hawk fails of taking the game, he flies away in apparent mortification, and lights leisurely on some distant tree, but a very small bell, attached to the strings on his legs soon reveals his retreat to a pursuer, who by throwing up a chicken kept ready for the purpose, brings him down to the ground, and as he commences feeding upon the bait, he is easily retaken. Hawks are used also in hunting wild animals. The favourite game so hunted is the deer, of which there are several kinds. That usually chased is the antelope. A common mode of hunting them is with hawks and dogs, which are trained to aid each other. Two hawks are flown when the deer is at a great distance. They soon reach it, and strike, one after the other, at the head. This annoys and interrupts the flight of the animal so effectually that the dogs are enabled to come up with it. It is also usual to surround the antelope with a number of horsemen, each holding a dog in a slip. When the antelope tries to escape, the aim is to endeavour to intercept it; and though no dog, however swift, can reach it, at the commencement of the chase, it is tired out by fresh ones being continually slipped. In this mode of hunting, the object is to bring the game near the king or chief person present, who probably holds a favourite dog in a slip.

Buffalo fighting is a common amusement among the peasantry in some provinces at the Noorose. If the buffaloes have been well fed during the winter, they are now fresh and strong. The Persians have a trick of making them drunk to excite their pugnacity, they being naturally peaceable beasts enough.

## A TRIP IN THE UNHOLY LAND.

### IN TWO CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER THE FIRST.

WHEN I decided on visiting the Unholy Land, I determined to lay aside some of the habits of an Englishman. I did not even take a bathtub, and I left my library in London: for I deemed it possible that I might sometimes be constrained, amid the disorders of men, mud, and things, to fill the situation of my own porter. Then I said to myself, "I will read men instead of books, and to this end I will make their acquaintance, whether I am introduced or not."

The first incivility I met, was on the deck of the Persia. I had just stepped on board, when I saw a middle-sized man, with a brown full beard, and abundance of long hair; a shaggy light-coloured over-coat, though I found the

weather very uncomfortably hot; and a crush hat, crushed rather than put, on his head. He held an immense St. Bernard dog by a small chain attached to the dog's collar. No sooner was I fairly on deck than the animal broke from his master and rushed upon me. The master called his dog peremptorily, but he was tardily and unwillingly obedient.

"Beg your pardon, sir, but I wonder if you ever owned this dorg. I got him six months ago at the convent on the Alps. I paid ten pounds for him. He is true blue, you see. I hope he ain't your dorg, sir."

I suddenly remembered that I had a parcel of sandwiches in my pocket, and I answered with suavity: "I never owned your dog, sir, but he has reason to be partial to me."

Upon this I heroically produced the provision, and divided it with the dog.

"That's the ticket," said the master, who was evidently an American. "I have been running about from Dan to Basheba, and I forgot to feed the dorg, as sure as my name's Jeremiah Grierson! You are a gentleman. You are a Christian. You are a good fellow. You are just the thing." Here he held out his hand. "It is like an Englishman, not to be ashamed of a pocket full of sandwiches. Why, I should have starved, and so would any Yankee, rather than own up to such a prudent provision, for we should be afraid it would be considered economy. It was English to have the sandwiches, but it was Christian and gentlemanly, and all that sort of thing, to divide 'em with the dorg. Muster, shake hands with the gentleman, and thank him. He's your benefactor, sir."

The dog offered me his paw, and made an awkward shaky bow, which his master said meant "Thank you." At this point, there came up to us a small man, with a bald head shaped like a sugar-loaf, a rich crop of carrotty beard, and a lady on his arm. As I am a conscientious traveller, I beg to remark that I use the words gentleman and lady out of the profundity of my politeness, and not from the exigencies of my moral nature. The lady had many curls of the hue of her husband's beard, a long sharp nose, thin lips, and a red shawl. She was taller than her lord, and wore a light-coloured dress, black kid gloves with tolerable ventilation at the fingers' ends, a heavy gold chain, and a brooch, supposed to be diamond.

"A nice dawg you have there," said the bald-headed man.

"Yes, I take it he's some pumpkins of a dorg," replied my new friend.

"You are from New Yawk, I see. I never heard the word dorg except from a New Yawker. Why don't you speak English, and say dawg?"

"I always *do* say dorg," replied the New Yorker, a little nettled.

Here the lady intervened.

"Are you from New Yawk?" she asked, in a conciliatory manner.

"I reckon I am."

"What part of New Yawk?"

Jeremiah looked up with a twinkle in his eye,



which seemed to say, "You want to place me, and you shan't."

"Dey-street, I reckon."

"I mean, where does your family reside?"

"Our folks live on Staten Island."

There was an unsatisfied expression on the face of the questioner. She bit her glove finger, and drew her spouse away. Jeremiah looked after her.

"You didn't find me out, Mrs. Teazle. I might keep a pea-nut stand in Dey-street, or be an importer of big things; and I might live at New Brighton, on Staten, or over at Irish Hollow, and have the fever, and ague, and so on." Jeremiah settled himself into his overcoat, while I threw open my light tweed and complained of the heat. "Look o' here," said my new friend, leaning on his dog, who was just now in a state of natural beatitude, "you will have *such* a cold by to-morrow, or next day, as will lay you up, or down, half the way over. I advise you to get out your great-coat, or wrap yourself in a railroad rug. It is a change going to sea, nigh upon as hard as being born rich, and getting poor just as you have come to know the good of money. Now you are sure, if you keep on your own road, to have the influenza, and be sea-sick by to-morrow, or next day. You are tremenjus sea-sick when you're fairly in for it; ain't you, now?"

"Certainly I am," I was constrained to own. "But how did you know it?"

"Well, straws show the way of the wind. How did we both know that feminine, with the black gloves and the light-coloured gauze dress, was not a lady?"

"I think you have given some of the signs."

"Well, I'll tell *you* some of the signs. You are what you call stout—*fat*, we Yankees say. I call myself a Yankee, though I was born in New York. That fellow with the bald head was born in New Hampshire, and he says keow for cow. As I was saying, you are fat and florid, and carry sandwiches in your pocket. You like good eating, and you are bound to be sea-sick. You should have come on board ship, fasting, and you should have ate little till you get your sea legs on, and you should guard against a chill by putting on flannel, or a great-coat."

"I do not believe in preventives against sea-sickness. As to the flannel, or the over-coat, I dare say you are right."

"Well, just as you can afford," said Jeremiah. "They say them that's born to be hanged will never be drowned; but if they put their heads under water, and keep 'em there, I wouldn't insure 'em. I am apt to give advice that folks ain't apt to take; but good counsel breaks no bones. Muster and I will stand your friend, and *we* shan't be sea-sick, or have a bad cold."

"But the dog ate the sandwiches."

"A dorg should always go to sea on a full stomach, and a man fasting. Them's my sentiments. They don't cost *you* anything. But I suppose you haven't got any precedent of this kind, and what hain't been done by an Englishman never can be."

Twenty-four hours later, when I had an inverted stomach, a great pain in my bones, and was otherwise in a state that I have no wish to remember, I heard a cheerful voice inside my door, saying, "Well, cap'n!" Now, there are times when a cheerful voice is specially disagreeable, when all men seem your natural enemies, and you only want to be let alone. I made no answer. After half a minute I heard the voice again. "Well, cap'n! Muster and I have come to see you. Folks that ain't invited must take such welcome as they can get." My room-mate was in a more uncivil state than I was, and he groaned some sort of answer; Jeremiah did not notice him, but came to me. "Look o' here, cap'n. My state-room is well aired, and I have got a sofa, and there's only me and Muster. You just come in there. I'll help you to a bath and clean linen." I made a gesture of impatience. It did no good or harm. The man had a will, and I was a poor limp mortal, minus any such sea store. I was invested in a dressing-gown, and removed with a delicate degree of force into a state-room the obverse of my own. It was sweet, clean, a very heaven upon earth of a state-room. Here I was, as Jeremiah remarked, bedewed like a fading flower with a sponge full of cold water, and then a spoonful of old port really rested on my perturbed stomach. In half an hour I thought of my fellow-sufferer, I was so comfortable, and I spoke to Jeremiah of his intense misery. "Just so," said he, quietly; "they are mostly bad off, but a man can't be in two places at once, let alone twenty. He will breathe better now you are away. That's all I can do for him. As to you, you'll do by to-morrow. You've thrown up your knee-pans, or you would not keep down this port. You will be at large to-morrow."

Next day I was able to take my place at table. The bald-headed man and his wife were later in coming into society, but they made up for their absence when they did appear by extra attention to every one. My room-mate proved taciturn when he escaped from durance, and, in pursuance of my resolution to read men, I talked with the bald-headed man. Whatever subject we started, was sure to merge in the civil war. If the man could not veer the talk to that point, his wife was sure to do it. After several conversations, bald-head said to me, "I take it you are Brummagem."

"That I am what?"

"Brummagem. You could not take such an interest in our rebels, if you had not hardware to sell—guns, I mean. You see I know a thing or two. You English are sure to sell your sympathies; it's human nature, but, above all, it's English human nature."

"You may wrong the gentleman," said his wife. "After all, he may not be from Birmingham."

I assured her I was not.

The man assumed an air of mystery. "It's no use," he said, "playing fast and loose." The wife hurried away, and we were alone. "If you have ships or guns to sell, I am your man. Fact

is, I'm agent for a party that shall be nameless. I can talk about rebels as severe as anybody, but I've got an agency, and if you want to deal, I'm your man." I said I had no ships and no guns to deal in. "You do well to be prudent," he replied. "I am prudent too. I am a zealous Federal, as you will observe; but when you want to deal, I'm your man."

When I was next in Jeremiah's state-room, he was ill at ease. After fidgeting a little, he said: "That infernal Avery is after you. I know him like a book. I have tracked him like a bloodhound. He shakes in his shoes when I am at his elbow. I tell you as a friend, and as Muster's friend, he is a Yankee detective. He is one of Seward's spies. He would buy guns of you, and send them South, and run the blockade, and make a tremenjus profit, but he'd spot you all the same. He'd sell you to Seward for fifty cents, or five hundred dollars, and go on his way rejoicing. I hope you are too old a bird to be caught with his chaff."

"I am only an honest traveller. I have not a motive beyond seeing the world, learning all I can, and profiting by my knowledge."

"I believe you. You are an honest man, and I'm another. I believe in the Union, but I am sorry for the South. I can't endure rascals who believe in nothing, and worship nothing but the almighty dollar. That fellow Avery is one of 'em, though he has a sneaking fear of hell too. He used to be a Baptist minister. There are two things he's afraid of; one's the devil, and the other's me."

"Your country's is an unnatural quarrel, Mr. Grierson, and it is the opportunity of the Evil One. I am friendly to all. I pity North and South."

"That's the fix I am in! I pity both sides, though I believe in the Union, and think the South is in the wrong; but blood is thicker than water. They are our blood, and we are all snarled up by marriages, and, on the whole, we are in a tremenjus bad fix. Look o' here, cap'n. You are a man of honour, and have a heart, and you ain't mixed up with our quarrels, and I can trust you. Mordant that's in your room, is a Southerner. I used to trade at the South. I know a Southerner when I see him, let alone hearing him speak. Their motions ain't like a Northerner's. We are in dead earnest about everything, walking, talking, eating, drinking, working. They take everything easy. They are slow pokes. A Southerner will take an hour to eat his dinner and drink his wine, and think he is hurried. A Northerner will bolt his grub in ten minutes, and wash it down with cold water or whisky at the next bar-room. A Southerner always says Sir, or Madam, when he is talking to you, at the end of every sentence, as if you was quality, or as if he was, and he wanted to elevate you to his level while he is doing you the honour to talk to you. They say a heap when they mean a great deal, and they say mighty for very, and so on that way. Mordant is hiding. He wants to get over to New York, and then follow his nose

South. I only hope he may do it. I have given him good counsel. I told him to stick to his French, unless he wanted to be spotted in no time. He has not spoken English out of his room yet. But what takes my breath away is that little pink and white Englishwoman, Mrs. Pendleton, with her two babies. You have noticed her?"

"Certainly."

"Well, sir, have you seen me speak to her?"

"Hardly."

"And yet she is under my care. Her husband is a lieutenant in the Southern army. He is at Charleston, I suppose, and she expects to run the blockade and get to him."

"Bless my soul! Why did not she go to Nassau from Liverpool?"

"For good reasons; but that is my part of the story. I am her husband's friend. We were at Princeton together; both started to be clergymen; both flashed in the pan. He is a grand fellow. When Sumpter opened the ball, he was in England on a visit to his wife's friends. He was born in Charleston. When he heard the news of Sumpter, he came home like a streak. When he found the North would not give in, he said, 'I am so sorry I left Mary in London.' I was in Charleston then, trying to wind up some business. I said, 'You ought to be glad your wife and children are safe.' 'Mary will die,' he said, 'unless she can come to me. She told me so in her last letter. She is quiet and strong, and means all she says.' 'Well, Harry,' says I, 'I am going over the big pond.' 'Oh, bring Mary and my little ones to me,' he cried out, and he burst into tears. And so I promised him, and here we are."

"But how on earth are they to get to Charleston?"

"They can hardly get there on earth," said Jeremiah, smiling, "but I take it they can go by water to Nassau, and then——"

"Perhaps the bald-headed man will freight a ship to take them?"

"The scoundrel would be glad to, but my finger is in this pie, and I will only take medicines, and needles, pins, thread, and salt, and such things as humanity cries aloud for. I tell you it ain't human to deny medical aid to the sick. I shall take my chance of serving God and man, according to Mr. Seward's 'higher law.' If I fail, better men than I have failed."

"Are you Mr. Seward's agent?"

"Well, yes, after a fashion I am. He trusts me with such matters as my conscience will let me attend to, and he knows I am to be trusted. He believes in me, and I think I am one of the few folks he does believe in."

"How then can you go on this mission to Charleston?"

"Because it's a mission of mercy. I shall serve my friend and his poor little wife and babies, and the sick and the afflicted to the best of my ability, and make a tremenjus profit of doing my dooty, which after all ain't bad——"

After this I began to be tenderly civil to Mr. Mordant. Honesty always commends itself to

honest men, and kindness is an "open sesame" to most hearts. As Jeremiah remarked, "Mr. Mordant opened like a bud in the sunshine." One day I invited him to go on deck with me. "I shall meet that slimy reptile, sir, and I would a heap sooner meet Old Nick, sir."

"And who may the reptile be?" I asked, knowing very well.

"That spy, Avery, sir."

"And what harm can he do you?"

"Harm enough, if he heard me speak English, sir."

"Mr. Mordant, I am your friend."

"I know it, sir. I am under a cloud now, sir, like my country; but the sun will shine again, in this world or another. I have been to London, sir, in the service of my country—on my own hook, you will take notice, sir. I was not sent by any man, or by any body of men. I went on my own hook, sir, and I return a disappointed man. I thought the English would help us, sir, for their own sake. I thought that cotton was king. I went, sir, to offer my editorial services to the London Times. I wrote, and made them an offer. I would have struck blows, sir, that would have told, sir. I offered my service without fee or reward. My letter was not answered, sir. Then I wrote an editorial. It was not noticed, sir. I waited a month; would you believe that in all that time they did not answer my letter, and took no notice of my article? Would you believe it, sir?"

"I have no difficulty in believing your statement, Mr. Mordant; not the least."

"Well, sir. I made up my mind from that, and I am on my way home. The sword is my weapon now. I repudiate the pen, sir; and I renounce England, sir."

"Do you hold anger against England on account of the Times, Mr. Mordant?"

"Well, sir, I feel mighty bad all round; I'm so riled. I can hardly tell what hurts me worst, sir. I'm riled all through, and I'm afraid I'll have a mighty hard chance to settle, sir."

I respected Mr. Mordant's despondency, and left him, thinking I would pursue my acquaintance with Mrs. Pendleton, my "pink and white" countrywoman, and her little babies. I found her listening earnestly to a venerable gentleman whom I had often noticed. He was said to be Bishop of Trinidad. He was in a green old age, being about sixty. His white hair, his cheerful rosy face and rotund person, his deep musical voice, all were impressive and delightful. He did not look less a lord, spiritual or temporal, with Mrs. Pendleton's two children, one on each knee. As I have said, I was told that he was Bishop of Trinidad, but I had no very clear idea about his see. He was clearly worthy to be a bishop, or anything else, in the opinion of those about him. Jeremiah treated him with as much reverence as if he had been a Roman Catholic bishop, and he a humble son of that communion. Mr. Mordant bowed low, and did not recover his perpendicular gracefully, whenever he met the bishop. The perfect ease of this

elegant prelate contrasted strongly with the home-made and too-careful address of Mr. Mordant. The two were as different as a bee-sting and a file, and yet it turned out that they were born in the same State. They were both Southern men. But I am telling my story in advance.

When I was again in my state-room, where Mr. Mordant was still gloomily reflecting on the apathy of England and his neglect by the Times, Jeremiah came in quickly and closed the door. Then he sat down and smothered his face in his hands. Presently he raised his head like a soldier, and courage illumined his countenance. His first remark was respecting a silk purse, and the ear of a certain quadruped. Then he asserted that no amount of praying would make rotten tow-ropes into good sound flax cables.

"You speak truth, Mr. Grierson, but where is the pertinence? Please explain."

"That Avery is a rotten rope, every fibre of him. He'll break in anybody's hands that tries to use him. His wife is a vulgar vixen. He has been buzzing about the bishop, but he'll take nothing by that motion. She has been pumping Bridget, Mrs. Pendleton's Irish nursemaid."

"Mr. Grierson, this ship is full of mysteries. You believe in the Union, and you help the other side; Mr. Mordant believes in himself and the South, and hates the Union with all his might; and you and he are friends. He renounces and denounces England and the Times, and he and I are friends. The bishop is a gentleman; but is there a Church of England see on the island of Trinidad?"

"Bishop Monkton is a glorious man," said Jeremiah, not noticing my question; and Mordant echoed, as if on his knees, "A glorious man!"

I turned to Mr. Grierson. He was not disposed to explain; but Mordant looked me full in the face, with the frank expression of perfect trust.

"That noble gentleman is a Southern senator, and no bishop at all, sir."

"Your confidence in me is not misplaced, Mr. Mordant."

"I am not the fool to misplace my confidence, if I misplace myself, sir," he said.

"We must play our cards skilfully, I tell you, now," said Jeremiah, "for Avery means mischief. I can throttle him, if the worst comes to the worst; I mean, I can report his manners and customs to head-quarters, but I don't want to do it. I have given him a touch of my quality. He knows who I am, which was more than he or his wife guessed when I came on board. He knew there was such a fellow as Jeremiah Grierson, but I reckon he had not the ghost of a notion that I should turn up in this ship. Didn't he shake in his shoes when I introduced myself! I reckon his wife won't ask again what part of New Yawk I live in? She may get safe back to her ginger-beer shop in Jersey City, but her chance is not first-rate, in my opinion. Brown earthen pots come to pieces when they are mixed up with potash kettles in a tremenjuss muss. At present, the

lady with the gloves and jewellery is putting Bridget, Mrs. Pendleton's nurse, through her catechism. This morning, says she, 'Your mistress is a widdy, ain't she, Bridget?' 'If she is,' said Biddy, 'she's got a husband that any widdy might be proud of.' 'Where is he, Bridget?' 'Across the say, he is, ma'am.' 'What's the name of the place where you are to meet him?' 'It is somewhere fore-nest New York, but I can't remember, where I have not been.' 'But you have heard the name of the place?' 'Haven't I, now! And I'll ask Mrs. Pendleton, and tell her you are wanting to know.' 'Oh no, Bridget, she will think I am full of curiosity.' 'But she likes to be noticed, and to have the childer noticed.' 'No doubt of that, and she gets plenty of notice. Do you think it's right, Bridget, for a lady who is away from her husband to have so much attention from gentlemen?' 'The bishop is like a father intirely; and as to the captain, we are all under his care.' 'But everybody is attentive to her, Bridget. She has a crowd of admirers. I've even heard some of 'em say she's pretty.' 'When there is a crowd in the street at night I always feel safe,' said Bridget. That girl's a trump," remarked Jeremiah, for the second or third time; and we adjourned to the deck.

It was a brilliant day; what Jeremiah called "Yankee weather." The sky was intensely blue, and the air seemed full of powdered gold. We were sailing up the bay of New York, and ought to have been in high spirits; but deeds of darkness, petty and gigantic wrong, suffering, death, widowhood, and orphanage, appeared to lie a miserable weight on every heart. The external world was grandly beautiful. The bay one of the noblest on the earth; the country on either side burdened with wealth and brightened with beauty. Villages reaching onward to cities, and cities melting into each other. Beautiful Staten Island was on our left, with its lovely cottages nestling in gardens, and its castle-like villas surrounded by parks and grand old trees. As we neared New York, Fort Lafayette, the political Bastille, frowned before us.

I swept the horizon with my glass, wondering and admiring, until I became conscious of a little bustle on the deck. I looked around. Mrs. Pendleton had fainted in the arms of her maid; the bishop clutched a prayer-book in one hand, and with the other sprinkled water in her face. She revived after a little time, and was supported into the cabin.

A group was left standing together. It consisted of Avery and his wife, and Jeremiah. They showed rebel colours, for Grierson was red, Avery was white, and his wife was blue.

"Avery," said Jeremiah, in a low concentrated tone, "you and I know one another. It is of no use to threaten when you can stab, and I shan't do it. You and your wife must haul in your horns. For aught you know, this poor lady has come over here to meet her husband when the boat's nose touches the shore. But

suppose he is in Charleston, as you say, is his wife to blame for it? Poor little English girl, is she to be blamed or killed for our quarrels?"

"A wife has no separate existence from her husband. She is of his country," said the spy. "I know no difference between male and female rattlesnakes."

"Not if they'll sell for just as much a head," said Jeremiah. "But just you move to sell *her*, Bill Avery, and I'll fix your flint! I will! I am a Seward man, and Seward trusts me. I hain't been his spy, and I hain't sold guns and ships to the South while I was being spy. If I can't send as much over the wires to-night as you can, my name ain't Grierson, and I ain't as honest as you are mean and double——"

"Do settle this dreadful business," whispered the blue wife to her white husband.

"Tain't my business, Saree. I did not look in the prayer-book. I should never a thought on't."

"There's nothing to settle," said Jeremiah, quietly, "only you will just both hold up your hands, and swear that you will let that poor soul go in peace, that you will not molest her any more than if she was in heaven where she belongs, and you in the place where *you* belong. You needn't look around. Nobody sees us. Everybody has got business of their own. Now hold up your hands." They did so, and Jeremiah swore them both. When the oath was administered, he said, "Now, if you break this oath, you will have me to deal with in this world, and the devil in the next. I do not think there will be much to choose between us. He may have a cloven foot, but I can kick as hard as if I had one."

The male and female Avery slunk away, and I met Jeremiah by himself.

"What is all this?" I asked.

"It's all about a prayer-book and Jezebel. Mrs. Pendleton had been making her thanksgiving, I suppose, for getting safe over the big pond, and that she-spy somehow got hold of her prayer-book, and read, 'Mary Pitt Pendleton, from her affectionate husband, Harry Lee Pendleton, Charleston, S.C.' When Mrs. Pendleton looked for the book, Jezebel gave it her, and said, as spiteful as a wasp, 'Here it is, and I only hope you ain't intendin' to go where this come from; if you be, I take it you may be hindered.' The poor lady fainted away, and when she came to, I saw her put her handkerchief to her mouth, and it was presently stained with blood. I have got off fugitive slaves more than once, but I never pitied any one as much as I pity this poor lady with her two babies; and her husband may be in hospital, or may be buried in a trench."

"What will Avery do?"

"Nothing while his hands are in my steel trap; but there's work for me ahead, and perhaps a most tremenjous muss. I shall stick to the higher law, and you'll see who'll win. When the devil is to pay, I always have pitch hot. Where's my dorg?"